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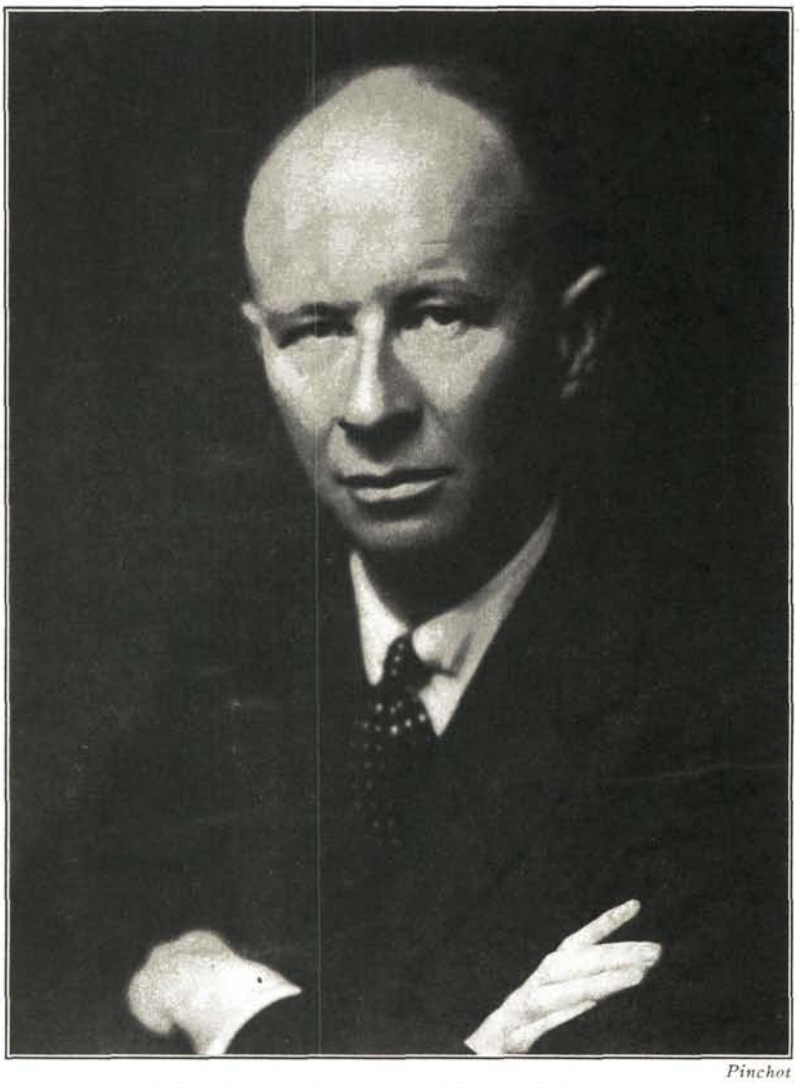

Pinchot

HUMPHREY COBB, AUTHOR OF "PATHS OF GLORY"

"General Assolant, who is in an artillery observation post, orders a battery of 75s to fire on his own first-line trenches to blast the men forward. The battery commander refuses unless" . . . . *(See page 5)*

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by The Author of "Russia's Iron Age", "Soviet Russia", etc.

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History as a Major Sport

BY GEORGE FORT MILTON

AMONG the chief fascinations of history writing is the diversity of the skills involved in the task. In one sense it is a science, in another an art, and a third a profession. And then again in some ways it rivals in intellectual zest any major sport I know.

In its scientific aspect history writing involves the discovery of sources, the appraisal of data, the search for the causes as well as the consequences of events. The presentation of results requires the skill of the artist. Like the novelist, the poet, and the philosopher, the historian must put his materials into a moving, persuasive form, and so needs to use the key of interest to unlock the magic door. While he is under certain handicaps in obeying the compulsion, for he cannot yield to imagination but must weave his tapestry from the thread of fact, this necessary jointure of scholarship and style is a stimulating challenge. The historian by profession, whether in his study, classroom, or seminar, has an important and sometimes unappreciated function in the educative process.

GEORGE FORT MILTON
Correcting proofs of "The Eve of Conflict."

But when I speak of history as a major sport I have in mind neither of these three. Now, a sport has certain basic differences from a science, an art, or a profession: probably the essence of it is the zest and joy involved. And as an amateur historian, and using amateur in its pristine sense of love and affection, I would emphasize the point of the pleasure afforded by the avocation of the search for the facts—and the truth behind them. Among the real joys of history writing is the chance it gives for detective work. The culprit sought by the inspector from some historian's Scotland Yard is a suspected but undiscovered document, a misplaced diary, a confidential letter carefully suppressed. Such work calls for a combination of Sherlock Holmes, Sisyphus, Tantalus, and good luck.

Let me instance some of the documentary truffle-hunting involved in my recent volume on the causes of the American Civil War. Five or six years ago a sense of the untruthfulness of the mythology of Reconstruction led me to suspect the iteration of the inevitability of the war itself. And so, having only a newspaper to run during the depression, I undertook to discover material to disclose the real story of the epoch.

The sort of material I was particularly anxious to find was intimate diaries, the personal correspondence of the leading figures, and some epistolary index of the real bent of the public pulse, for such materials constitute by long odds the most revealing of historical sources. Next in value in getting at the essence of an event is the account of a contemporary newspaper speech or debate, but its worth is diminished because of the formal and purposeful character of any public presentation. Even less dependable is the individual's recollections after they have grown dim from time, and least useful of all is the mythology which later generations seek to justify inherited prejudice. A few historians may content themselves with the published document, the diplomatic note, or the report of the full-dress debate. But such formal records seldom illuminate inner purposes, and one who seeks the way of an occurrence must observe the General at his tent or the statesman at his ease.

Now there were two principal political and emotional forces in America in the fifties. The ultras of both North and South were on one side; while they differed in purpose, they were almost identical in mental attitude and employed similar techniques of amassing power through agitation. Opposed to them was a large and important body of men who wanted to stay in the middle of the road so as to cushion the shock of social change. There was a great deal of available data as to the ultras and their leaders. The embattled Southrons preserved nearly every vatic syllable of Davis and Calhoun. The Lincoln idolators were even more scrupulous in winnowing memorabilia of the Emancipator. Sumner's letters were preserved in due pomposity, as were those of Garrison, Phillips, Trumbull, and Chase. Even "Beast" Butler's multitudinous correspondence was put into print and given libraries throughout the land. But of the statesman who had cried "a plague on both your houses," the intimate record was slight indeed.

This paucity of illuminating manuscript material about the Conservatives was a challenge to which I responded. Most of all I sought the papers of Stephen A. Douglas, well named the Little Giant. This man, a veritable human lodestone, became the dominant figure of the decade, built a personal political following reaching all sections of the country, and from Bleeding Kansas to the firing on Fort Sumter was the focus of the effort to keep the peace.

For some months the quest yielded only disappointments. The story told prior bi-

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

A DEBT TO DICKENS
By PEARL BUCK

WISH AND WISDOM
By JOSEPH JASTROW
Reviewed by Henshaw Ward

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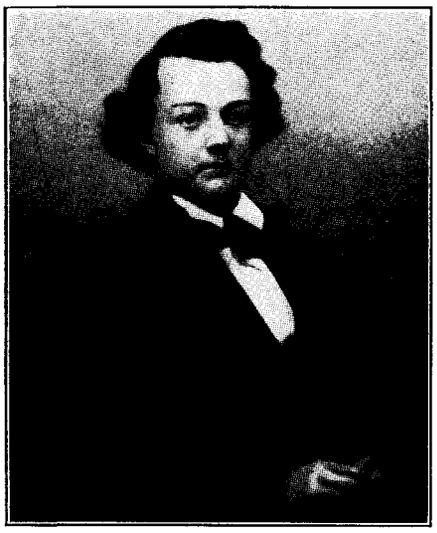

DOUGLAS BEFORE HE WENT WEST
From "The Eve of Conflict."

ographers and historians—Rhodes, Channing, Allan Johnson, Beveridge, Bowers—was that soon after Douglas's death his papers had been burned in Washington. I heard this, too, but thought, like a good reporter, that I must check up on it. Two of his grandsons lived in Greensboro, N.C. I visited their city, and they honored me with their friendship. One showed a parcel of rare letters the twenty-year-old Douglas had written home as he travelled West to make his way in the world. The other looked about and came across a forgotten packing box in an old outhouse. One rainy afternoon in March four years ago this box was hauled out and opened and my eye feasted on hundreds of bundles of letters, neatly tied in faded tape. I shall never forget the thrill of that discovery; here was the major part of the Little Giant's papers! Here was the key to the fifties—and in my hand!

There were fully 25,000 letters to be deciphered, digested, and put into notes. I rented an office, hired a stenographic staff, and for some months tried to extract the heart of this great correspondence. And as I did so I had the uncanny feeling of having my finger on the pulse of an epoch and a cause. For these Douglas papers filled the gap in the evidence; they revealed how ultra minorities of both sections had grasped the official machinery and willed the war, although the masses neither in South nor North had wished it.

But the explosive character of this evidence made it all the more necessary to widen the search for data. First of all the effort to trace down Douglas's answers to those who wrote him. You must remember this was before the day of the letter press. His correspondents were classified by states and cities, historical societies asked to find descendants, letters written to newspapers, and the results were surprisingly good. For example, in Springfield, Ill., I unearthed his correspondence with General John A. McClernand. The grandsons of William H. Lanphier, a chief fugelman of the Little Giant, let me use the rich Lanphier correspondence. In Chicago I came across Douglas's letters to James W. Sheahan, his editor, friend, and first biographer. In Athens, Georgia, a granddaughter of Howell Cobb made many new Southern letters available—examples typical of dozens of others.

But the discovery of new material involves more than detective skill or personality salesmanship—oftentimes it depends upon outrageous luck. For example, there were the Sanders letters. One of the queerest figures of the fifties was an eerie Kentucky politician named George N. Sanders, who hated the Old Fogies and wanted Douglas to become President and throw them out. The stage was set for this in 1852, but Sanders venomously attacked the other candidates for the Democratic nomination, precipitating their combination against poor Douglas, whose disavowals were received with scorn. The common view of historians has been that the Little Giant himself planned this bull-in-the-china-shop campaign, and so was the architect of his own disaster. But such a course was out of character with him; I felt he must have made frantic efforts to muzzle Sanders. Was there any evidence to that effect?

It developed that a batch of Douglas's letters to Sanders had been auctioned in 1915. The Anderson Galleries gave their ledger record of the buyers, from which I traced down and got copies of half of the total number. The rest had vanished in thin air. Then entered chance. That indexer extraordinary, Mr. Joseph Greenbaum, remembered that years ago a bookbinder friend had bound a scrapbook of Lincoln clippings. On the chance it might be useful to me he set to work to trace it down. After months of search down blind alleys, he located it at a library in Watertown, Conn. In addition to useless clippings, this very scrapbook contained the eight missing Douglas-Sanders letters, proving that but for this Kentucky marplot Douglas might well have been elected President in 1852.

But one must not overemphasize the role of the literary Hawkshaw. The discovery and assembling of material is only the beginning of one's labors. Next comes the task of judgment. Here the historian must become expert in appraising, from the written record, the credibility of witnesses and the incidence of motives. He must so steep himself in the age of which he writes that he almost relives the days gone by, and recreates the reality of its joys and passions, problems, and disasters.

In the actual literary composition, the historian has many methods at his disposal. My own is to do the full research on a single episode, then cast these notes into literary form, polish, and repolish it and thus have a completed island of fact. Then I start on a second island, and then build a bridge between the two. In this fashion one proceeds on the causeway of tested truth across the wide ocean of hypothesis.

And finally when Leviathan is born, one feels again a sense of mastery and of satisfaction. By plumbing an epoch to its depths, the historian can suggest a little better the reason men act as they do in our contemporary society. At any event, let me nominate the writing of documented history as a major sport, an intellectual adventure which should fascinate anyone who is interested in why the sea is boiling hot and whether pigs have wings.

George Fort Milton, editor of The Chattanooga News, *is the author of "The Age of Hate" and "The Eve of Conflict."*

Wallflowers

By PADRAIC COLUM

AND if we climb the sills of walls,
Or plant our bunches on the top,
'Tis not to flaunt our reds and yellows,
But that the mosses and stone-crop
Are proud to have us in their close,
We Wallflowers that are the fellows
Of Tulip, Hyacinth, and Rose.
The beauties of the family
We are not—that we know and own;
The garden's outer shades have we.
Here one may come, a memoried man
Who'll lift his head, "That honey smell,"
He'll say, "that dusky, musky red,
And yellow well-washed in the showers;
Tulip and Hyacinth and Rose,
And Lily—they are very well—
(Even Lily in her special bed!)
But none so pleasant as Wallflowers!"

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Zero Hour

PATHS OF GLORY. By Humphrey Cobb. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS HENRY COHN

IT is always dangerous to predict the sales of a book but this one has decided possibilities of making the best-seller list and staying there for some little time. For it is distinctly timely. All the world is wondering when the match will be dropped into the powder barrel and all the world is insisting that there must be no more war. It may be interesting to recall that "Over the Top," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and "All Quiet On the Western Front" were also timely. Give'm what they want, my boy. They'll eat it up!

Mr. Cobb gives us a picture of a handful of French soldiers in particularly trying circumstances and has done amazingly well in painting the *poilu*. We see only a few men, but they form a cross section of the composition of a regiment. It is hard to believe that the author did not serve in just such a troop as he describes, so well does he depict sights, sound, and smell. He did, however, see active service with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces.

The occurrences which he describes in dramatic style were reported in the American newspapers last year but the accounts were so short that no real judgment could be passed upon them. They were mere reports of the trials in the French courts when the families of executed soldiers sued for the vindication of their memories.

We are standing at the roadside with a youngster about to join his regiment and his chance acquaintance returning from leave to the same outfit, when the regiment comes down from the front line to go into billets. The men are dog-tired and just about at the end of their resources. They have been undergoing a tough time in the sector and are grateful for the much needed rest.

We next join the General commanding the Army at Divisional H. Q. where he is instructing General Assolant, commanding the Division, that in view of a large offensive a strong point known as the Pimple must be taken to straighten out the line and that Assolant must do it. Assolant, a man of overwhelming ambition, refuses because his regiments are worn out, but is quickly persuaded by the promise of the command of an Army Corps if successful.

The poor devils whom we saw coming down are sent into the line again with but five hours' rest. The description of taking over the sector is simply marvellous. One lives with the men, one shares their fears, one heaves a sigh of relief when most of them are safely past the danger zone. And one swallows a lump when Paolacci, a most gallant officer, is killed. We join a reconnaissance patrol and hold our breath until we are again safely in our own trenches.

The attack takes place next morning after a short artillery preparation and fails utterly. A few sections get out and are mowed down in their own wire; others never even succeed in getting away from their own trenches. General Assolant, who is in an artillery observation post, orders a battery of 75s to fire on his own first-line trenches to blast the men forward. The battery commander refuses unless given a written order. Assolant calls off the attack, orders a relief for the regiment, and sends it back under collective arrest.

He orders a court-martial and practically arranges to have forty men shot for cowardice, despite the pleading of the Colonel commanding the regiment that the failure of the attack was not the fault of the men. Only the intercession of the Chief of Staff of the Army, who is motivated by the repercussions which such an affair might have, wins his final consent to having but four men executed.

We see how the doomed men are chosen, we see the summary court-martial where the verdict is a foregone conclusion, and we see them shot. It is all most vivid, minor incidents are beautifully portrayed, and we set down the book with the feeling that it is all too horrible for words. These things must never happen again. It is so well told that one takes up the book to read again little sections—the priest giving absolution to men who didn't want it, the Sergeant-Major drawing lots, the letter of the condemned man.

There is just one trouble with the book—it isn't true to reality. It is a book based on half-truths which are considerably worse than downright misstatements. True, men were executed as examples to the others, but those executions took place when the men refused to leave the trenches or refused to go back to the Lines. The attack on the Chemin des Dames on the 16th of April 1917, with its attendant casualties, caused a terrific wave of disaffection to spread through the entire French army. Defeatist propaganda was circulated far and wide, aided by the wildest sort of rumors that Annamite troops were shooting down women in Paris. One woman bystander had been killed during a row between Annamite and French soldiers. Leaves had been stopped, the Russian front had been crumbled, and the *poilus* became convinced that there was no use carrying on. Mutinies occurred and summary court-martials did take place. But that a General ordered his men shot because a minor attack failed is arrant nonsense even though it makes a good story for Mr. Cobb.

I stated earlier in this review that the author knew the *poilu*. One thing is certain, however: he does not know the French officer. He seems to think that gold stripes change a man's character. Practically every one of his officers is influenced by a supreme cynicism which is far from the truth. This reviewer served in the ranks, and as an officer, and from close observation from both sides of the fence ventures the opinion that no finer set of men ever lived or died. Granted, there were "brutes galonnés" but they were the exception and not the rule.

The late John Galsworthy cautioned reviewers against petty points but it seems necessary to call attention to a few here. Assolant, who had served in Africa, would never have referred to the Moroccans as blacks. The army commander might discuss the attack with Assolant but the

BRITISH AND FRENCH TROOPS FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE
From "The First World War" (Simon & Schuster)

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corps commander would be present and give the orders. The army commander does not have army corps in his pocket to give away, it is the Minister of War who has that prerogative. It is ridiculous to suppose that the adjutant of a regiment would introduce himself to the general of his division, particularly to a general like Assolant who was everywhere. Assolant would not have been a general if he had thought wire in depth could be cut by occasional shells. It takes one thousand shells from a 75 to cut a fifteen meter lane.

The chief question which enters my mind, however, is why the author chose the incident from the French army. It is perfectly well known that similar incidents occurred in all armies. Was it due to any animosity for the French or merely because more publicity attended the French affair? If it be for the latter reason, then the lie is apparently given to the old phrase, "They order these things better in France."

The reading of Mr. Cobb's book will do far more to condemn war than will any amount of peace propaganda launched by the various associations endowed for the purpose. It should be read not for the horror of the single incident but for the inherent obscenity of war as a whole.

Captain Cohn was in the French service from the outbreak of the war and is now, as he says, "in the much more hazardous occupation" of book selling.

Mr. Duranty on the European Situation

EUROPE: WAR OR PEACE? By Walter Duranty. World Affairs Pamphlet, No. 7. Foreign Policy Association & World Peace Foundation. 1935. 50 cents.

TO outline the multitude of factors which govern the diplomatic pulse of Europe is a task requiring a clinical insight in matters of state. Mr. Duranty has already demonstrated his capacity to analyze the affairs of one nation: his skill does not fail him in dealing with a continent, so that from a welter of historical, geographic, legal, and economic data he has distilled a coherent view of the purposes and positions of the nations involved.

It is possible to disagree, in point of detail, with some of the author's statements, such as that Great Britain has abandoned her traditional "balance of power" policy or that the League of Nations "was paved with good intentions." Some of his analogies from history are confused, and a few of the economic facts which he cites do not necessarily entail the consequences he implies. Yet the monograph is essentially restrained and concise, admirably adapted to afford important information to the general reader, and absolutely accurate in its description of the political alignments which have developed since Hitler's rise to power.

No Place for a White Man

SOUTHEAST OF ZAMBOANGA. By Vic Hurley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. HURLEY, track-team captain at the University of Oregon, Class of '23, decided, after a brief bout with a prosaic job, to chuck it all and go down to a spot on the Southern Pacific map and raise cocoanuts. The dot on the map was Zamboanga, which is on the Philippine island of Mindanao, some five hundred miles south of Manila, and the homestead which Hurley and his friend staked out in the grass-country was some distance southeast of that.

Literal Robinson Crusoe pioneering is a tough enough job in the best of places, and Hurley seems to have picked about the worst. It was no place for a white man without capital or some sort of help and backing beyond his own hands. Everything was against him—malaria, snakes, more or less hostile Moros — and nothing with him except a romantic dream of life in the tropics, which blew up before he had his shack built, and his own Yankee pride and stubbornness.

PAGAN FAMILY OF MINDANAO
From "Southeast of Zamboanga."

He slogged along for a year or so and then pulled out, bush-whipped, broken by dysentery and malaria, and glad to quit. His discharge from the hospital brought him a new life in which he more or less made his original dream come true. He worked three years for a cocoanut corporation and spent three more on a rubber plantation. But that was with a big company behind him and in a screened bungalow with tiled bathroom and electric lights—much the sort of life led by young Americans working for the United Fruit Company, for instance, in their banana plantations in Central America. The Robinson Crusoe sort of thing is quite another matter and the value of Hurley's story lies in its accurate reporting of just what that sort of thing is or may be like.

The Cotobato grass-country isn't jungle in the popular sense of the word but it was jungley enough. At night Hurley would go out with a flash-lamp and shoot at the eyes which glared at his little shack from every side. After he had shot, he might find a big cat of some sort, or a deer or wild pig, or maybe a big python would come flopping down out of a tree. Snakes of all sorts, poisonous or constrictors, seem to have been all over the place. The grass was full of rats at night and the snakes came out to eat the rats. Once, just as he was about to shoot a wild boar from a tree, a big python suddenly reached down from a neighboring tree and grabbed the boar. Hurley fired into the writhing mass and both pig and snake disappeared into the bush before he could get down to them. Another time, in the same tree, he looked down to see a deadly little ringed snake crawling across his leg. He shows a photograph of a big python with a bump in his middle. The bump, when the python was cut open, turned out to be a partially digested deer.

He woke up one morning on his cot to see a seven-inch centipede crawling over his chest. The centipede nestled for a time in his armpit, while Hurley scarcely breathed, and then skittered away again. The river was full of crocodiles, which, in these parts, seem to forage even out into open sea-water. And when climate, animals, and loneliness had pretty well got his nerves, he turned his flash-lamp one night on a pair of Moros, spears drawn back, glaring into his shack window. Firearms are forbidden to the natives, Hurley had a small arsenal, and the Moros were doubtless looking for guns although they said they were making a friendly call. The experience still further shook his nerves. Snakes and rats ate his chickens, monkeys pulled up his corn, and the cocoanut trees didn't grow. It turned out that there wasn't any subsoil water. The life might have been more bearable if Hurley had gone native to the extent of taking on a woman or two, to help about the place and give him some companionship—for his partner quit long before he did—but although there are frequent rather coy references to this subject, he seems to have remained by his wild lone.

The book is easy reading. Max Miller, the "I Cover The Waterfront" man, a classmate of Hurley's, adds an introduction.

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The Picture of a Character

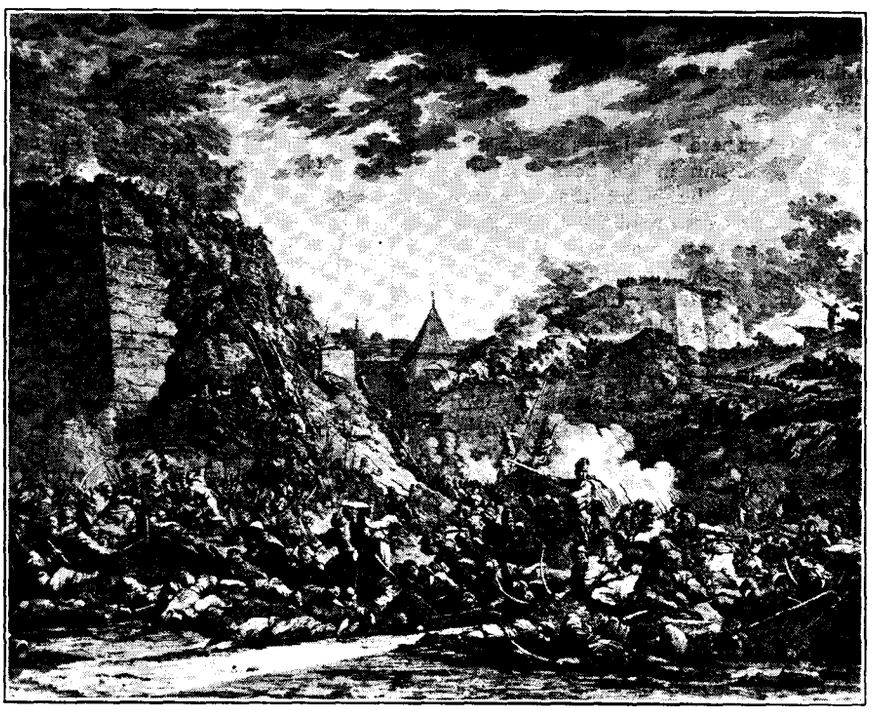
CATHERINE: THE PORTRAIT OF AN EMPRESS. By Gina Kaus. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

FRAU GINA KAUS bases her biography of Empress Catherine on a spiritual kinship which exists between herself and her subject. She brings her personal sympathy to bear on Catherine's character. Banned by the Nazis in recent years, Frau Kaus has no doubt added much to her understanding of a woman who repudiated her nationality and made a great career for herself.

In a volume of nearly four hundred pages, she tells the story of Catherine's life from the cradle to the grave. If less time and space is given to her girlhood than might be expected, more time and space is correspondingly given to the mother under whose dominant and overshadowing personality Catherine's girlhood was passed. The relation portrayed between the boy and girl lovers shows keen appreciation of all its values, especially those which lead to alienation and feud. A definitely neurotic Peter emerges on the canvas instead of the monster of low mentality so often painted. Catherine herself develops dramatic vividness first at the point where the young couple are practically incarcerated by the despotic empress. Her courage, her strength, her growing responsibility form a striking contrast to the increasing weakness of Peter's temperament. In this drama of adolescent hatred the book is at its best, for the subject is evidently approached with feeling. The characters who later enter into Catherine's life, especially Orlov and Potemkin, are somewhat more confused; but by this time politics have thickened around them and great tides of history sweep across the scene obscuring the most prominent individuals. Their portraits hardly manage to stand clear of the mass of obstreperous detail.

All the familiar dramatic episodes of Catherine the Great's life confront us. We see her passing through a painful religious conversion, for Catherine was a child of the Protestant Reformation and even at fourteen turned her back on its tenets only by a supreme effort. We see her as a solitary princess, guarded by ignoramuses, reading Bayle and Montesquieu, and replacing her lost faith by the freethought of the Encyclopædists. We see her extraordinary endurance in childbirth, her heartbroken weeping for her father's death, her dramatic trial for treason by the empress and her lone-handed defense. Out of these tests and tribulations, victoriously surmounted, the quiet, determined leader of a revolution is born. She rides out before us, a demure matron, at the head of a noisy and badly organized following, to seize a monarch's throne. The amazing ability of this woman, who stood head and shoulders above the men and women about her confounds us anew in this portrait, as it never fails to do. The full-length figure combines many Catherines in one: the philosopher, one of the powerful potentates in Europe, and the weak, loving slave.



THE STORMING OF OCHAKOV
Engraving by A. Bartsch, from "Catherine: the Portrait of an Empress."

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Frau Kaus, who brings modern psychology to the aid of her task, has been a practising psychologist for a number of years. She is an adherent of the Adlerian school which places especial emphasis on the inferiority complex and the masculine protest. The theory suits the ambitious career of a woman like Catherine the Great, but it cannot be applied too rigorously. It fails, for instance, in the puzzling sexual developments of Catherine's later life, when, with every ambition satisfied, she still seeks hungrily for love. Why this woman, with all her gifts and powers, could not retain just one of the men who loved her beside her to the grave instead of casting herself at the end on the mercies of a gigolo, is a question no theory seems to answer. Perhaps it is one of those profound human tragedies before which one must always stand sorrowful and amazed.

Among the many biographies of Catherine the Great, the recent one by Miss Anthony ranks among the best.

An Attack on Science

THE FRUSTRATION OF SCIENCE. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $2.

SINCE nothing is safe from attack it was only natural to expect that sooner or later a direct attack would be launched upon science. It has been done before, and in a key similar to this but perhaps not so effectually. "The Frustration of Science" is a concentrated offense by seven British essayists, a phalanx of seven horsemen charging against the center. Others have criticized science not so much for what it has done as for what it has not done; these seven essayists go a step further in citing mainly the destructive uses to which the handiwork of science is put—especially during war time. The greatest value of their book is as a stimulus to closer study of definite problems.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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If a New Day Dawns

EVERYONE is agreed that the turmoil of the past decade and a half has had a paralyzing effect upon the creative spirit. And indeed it would be strange if the artist whose mental temper is always more sensitively attuned to life than that of his fellows should have been able to maintain under the chaos of recent years the detachment of mood necessary for works of the imagination. Great masterpieces may sometimes be born of pain but they are rarely engendered by confusion of spirit. The sick soul is ill equipped to reflect life bravely; its reaction is more wont to be one of bitterness or revolt or mere feeble evasion of reality. In lesser degree what is true of the artist holds good for every thinking individual; his reaction to his day is conditioned by his ability to pierce through its perplexities to some pattern of living. For man cannot live like mice in an alley. He must see where he is going, and, once having found his direction, can cut through difficulties to his goal.

For months, for years now, our literature has been languishing in the toils of the general confusion. The serenity the artist requires for his work has been nowhere to be found; his emotion, sharpened and vividly responsive to the plexus of problems about him, has been allowed no tranquillity for reflection. Events, crises, panaceas, disappointments have bombarded him one after the other. Like other thoughtful men he has been torn by doubt and rent by indecision. The detail of his writing, like the detail of his individual living, has been dwarfed into insignificance by the monstrous suffering and the fearful problems of society. In writing at all he has been obeying an order of his being. But it is small wonder that his production has been routine, or superficial, or commonplace.

But man, strange animal, builds up an immunity even against the infection of disaster. Slowly but surely he wrests from a turbulent world a measure of composure. His mind, at once stubborn and resilient, refuses to accept defeat as final. Or else history would not have to show the moving pageant of the human comedy, the tragic magnificence of society. For ages it has been the plaint, and it is still the universal plaint today, that the world learns nothing by its suffering. Most unhappily true in some ways. And most happily true in that it has not yet learned to despair.

Business prophets tell us that the depression is lightening. Whether that be fact or not, the tautness, the fear, that have held all men in tension these past few years seems to be relaxing. It may well be that the creative artist stands on the edge of that time when all he has seen of ill, and endurance, and endeavor will fall into the perspective of progress, and when his art, become ruminative instead of bewildered, can shape his knowledge in the crucible of recollection into significant expression. And surely there never was a time when the temper of society was so ready to accept the vision of the artist. For he comes to grips with a world in which the hopes that are stirring are panoplied in zealous ideals, and at a time when zeal and ideals have become the stock in trade of government. To be the prophet of a new day is no longer to be the dreamer, and to be subversive of the old is not to be decried as a revolutionary. The artist is part of a moment, aquiver for all his delicacy of perceptions, for his insight, his powers of interpretation. From such a conjunction of the stars surely something ought to follow. For, in America at least, it is possible to believe that out of a night of suffering will rise such a day of brilliance that the artist can feel again with Wordsworth:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

When that day does arrive the public has the right to expect from its poets and novelists and historians a literature that will march with the splendor of the new era.

Summer Reading There has always been a tradition in the book business to the effect that summer reading means light reading—that a serious book has smaller chances of success if published in the summer than if published in the fall or winter. Nevertheless, in almost every summer season there have been exceptions, and the total number of exceptions is by now probably high enough to disprove the rule. One instance that comes readily to mind is Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy," which was issued in June, 1926, and piled up enough momentum during the summer to be a spectacular best-seller for many months to come. And Spengler's "Decline of the West"—considerably harder to read than "The Story of Philosophy"—was a late spring publication that carried successfully through the summer.

This year the publication of such books as Pareto's four-volume magnum opus, "The Mind and Society," and H. A. L. Fisher's "A History of Europe," on the edge of the summer season, seems to indicate that the tradition of light reading for summer is being taken less seriously than it has been in the past. And why not? The requirement for serious reading, for concentrated reading, is not so much a matter of weather as a matter of consecutive time, without interruptions, distractions, or preoccupations. The academic audience, which is one of the largest, or in any event the most dependable, for serious reading, has the long summer vacation at its disposal for the purpose. And other readers, though their vacations may be shorter, still use them in many instances to "catch up on their reading."

In this season of long novels, presumably many fiction readers, even, are waiting for vacation time to tackle "Of Time and the River." It seems a reasonable hypothesis that "Anthony Adverse" owed a considerable part of its success to the fact that it came out in the summer (July, 1933), when many vacationists had time to take it on: enough to pass the word along and give it an early momentum. It may seem off the point to mention novels as serious summer reading; but novels like "Anthony Adverse" and "Of Time and the River" require "getting into" as much, certainly, as most untechnical non-fiction. And for the purposes of most readers with little leisure, the summer seems not the least, but the most opportune time for "getting into" books.

Jane Addams has so long been a name to conjure with that now at her death it is hard to realize that Hull House was once a subject for discussion rather than a national institution. Her book, "Twenty Years at Hull House," is still a monument to a noble life work, and to a personality that can ill be spared.

Ten Years Ago

The Saturday Review recommended "Sixty-four, Ninety-four!" by R. H. Mottram. Henry Seidel Canby, in writing of the book, said: "It stands on its own feet as an unusually rich and sensitive record of a war that was humorous as well as dirty, picturesque as well as horrible. Mottram . . . has no thesis to prove by the war except the philosophy of frustration and the sense of duty satisfied which came to most soldiers." A decade later readers will still agree with Mr. Mottram's ideas on the futility of battle.

Today

The Saturday Review recommends:

PATHS OF GLORY. By Humphrey Cobb. See review on page 5.

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Letters to the Editor: *Personal History; Mr. W. H. Again*

Three Cent Petruccios

SIR:—It is a relief to know that despite the unflattering convictions of Mr. Mencken, and the discouraging results of the Army I. Q. Tests, America still breeds true intellectuals. It is to your everlasting credit that you have included in a genuinely literary paper the means for stimulating contacts among the intelligentsia of this money-mad world, which is alas, only too apt to forget the vicarious for the more material aspects of life. I refer, of course, to your Personal Columns.

"Will some Petruccio write to Katherine?" This was the challenge to all lovers of the Bard of Avon which produced such astounding results, results that could not fail to interest you and your readers. Thirty-two Petruccios from twenty-four states in the Union responded to the call, their intellectual curiosity aroused by the classic allusion. To all of them Katherine became the symbol of their highest literary aspirations. One who styled himself as a writer of books and plays expressed the common desire of all when he said: "Write me a long literary letter—interesting, tell me about yourself, your experiences, etc., and I'll do the same, if you prove O. K."

Even the business men were moved to lyric expression by the reference to Shakespeare. To wit:

> My dear Katherine:
> Or should I in circumstances make it "dear Kate" as in "Taming of Shrew"? Am not particularly proficient in taming process as greater detail might reveal, but should like more definite address in order to be sure about establishing contact before going into details. If more complete letter fails to click at your end, shall not persist, I promise you.

Some went a step further and displayed rare intellectual honesty. There was the doctor, for instance, who enclosed a likeness of himself as a bold and venerable gentleman, well in his sixties, and included an explanatory note saying that the picture had been taken ten years before. None the less commendable was the action of a Harvard youth, who, having called Katherine a "tergamant," wrote at once to say that "a clever shrew would see immediately that inquisitor in his haste meant termagant—a transposition of 'g' and 'm' that might have proved insulting to one unknowing."

Many of the Petruccios made it a point to stress their college educations. All of these showed artistic discrimination and a true appreciation of the finer things of life. Here are some excerpts:

> I deeply enjoy the arts, writing, and reading. The opera and music are my very life.

> You know, I like you . . . I know you and I would get along swell.

> I like the way in which you worded your request. It's both romantic, and as you put it in a literary journal, evidently you must be a literary person. Tell me about yourself. Are you a well-built attractive girl?

"MAY I BORROW THAT BOOK WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH WITH IT?"

Writers, politicians, operatic tenors, college boys, teachers, doctors, business men, aviators, and ministers all poured out their hearts to Katherine.

The authors wish further to state that all their letters are available for inspection. The title "Three Cent Petruccios" is also suggested.

M. S.
H. W.

Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. W. H.

SIR:—I am not a Shakespearean scholar or even an Elizabethan, but Mr. Paul Stephen Clarkson may encounter difficulty in having his question regarding Mr. W. H. of Shakespeare's Sonnets answered, and in case no suitable answer is forthcoming, the following may give him a possible working hypothesis.

Thomas Hughes, a graduate of Queen's College, Cambridge, was not only a member of Gray's Inn but also a dramatist and playwright, participating in the year of the Armada in a play given before the Queen. He may have had a son or daughter named W—— Hughes. If I remember correctly there are some references to the benchers in Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton's "Shakespeare and the Law," of which the inquirer may know.

There was an antiquary of Lincoln's Inn named William Hakewill, who might have supplied the MSS to Thorpe. There was also a Gray's Inn member named William Hudson (*fl. c.* 1609), and another named William Heyther, or Heather. I don't think these are mentioned by Sir Plunket. William Heyther, by the way, was a close friend and the executor of William Camden, who, I believe, is commonly credited with a hand in the creation of Shakespeare's escutcheon. These hints may possibly be useful.

Some connections between Shakespeare and the Inns are pointed out in "The Shakespeare Mystery" (London: Palmer).

CECIL JANE-MANSFIELD.

New York City.

"Private 19,022"

SIR:—In the Bowling Green—issue of May 18—I note with interest your paragraphs concerning Frederick Manning.

"Her Privates We" was published, under that very title, in this country. It appeared in the Spring of 1930, under the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, and is inscribed "To Peter Davies."

My copy is of the first American edition; but whether or not it ever went into further editions I do not know.

This information may, or may not, interest you; but I felt it only fair recompense for the information you have given me. For until now, I was not aware that "Private 19022" was Frederick Manning. That fact has now been recorded on the title-page of my copy which reposes in the select company of books about the war that have seemed to me, who also served, the best and the most honest.

ALBERT E. EBERMAN.

Bethlehem, Pa.

Marietta Holley

SIR:—I am engaged upon a biography of the late Marietta Holley, the famous author of the Samantha Series, who possessed the power of putting much wisdom in brief compass, "The Deacon and his wife lived happy together—she loved to work, and he loved to have her work." If any of your readers have letters or other information about Miss Holley will they please communicate with me or forever after hold their peace? The work will be similar in scope to my "Josh Billings, Yankee Humorist."

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

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What Happened in Russia

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, 1917-1921. By William Henry Chamberlin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. 2 Vols. $5.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

THIS first American history of the Russian Revolution is a timely and significant contribution to a field in which bias and prejudice often usurp the role of the instruments of historical research. It is impressive not so much for its erudition or recapture of the dramatic past but for its sustained attempt to achieve descriptive accuracy. And although Mr. Chamberlin pays a price for his scrupulous fidelity to fact and his over-qualified historic judgments in a pedestrian style and slowly moving narrative, one cannot but be grateful to him for his critical conscientiousness in a field notorious for uncontrolled subjectivism. One need but compare this book with other extant accounts of the early years of the Russian Revolution by writers whose bitterly partisan interpretation range all the way from the view that the Russian Revolution was the sinister handiwork of German agents to the view, now assiduously cultivated in Russia, that Stalin was its organizer of victory, to get the measure of Chamberlin's accomplishment. Under these circumstances, the acknowledgment of the integrity of Chamberlin's research and the honesty of his report is no ordinary tribute. Other historians may differ with him on a hundred details. We may regret the absence of imaginative sweep. But every informed student will admit that the order and interrelation of events are properly grasped. Whatever else this history is, it is a history of what actually happened. It is not, of course, a history of *all* that happened. No history can be that.

Not that Mr. Chamberlin's book is devoid of all *parti pris*. His value judgments show plainly that his sympathies are with the radical and liberal Russian intelligentsia "which in all its mental and emotional make-up was equally alien to Czarism and Bolshevism." (In more senses than one this is an American history of the Russian Revolution.) But I have found no conspicuous illustration of where Mr. Chamberlin's judgments of value determine his judgments of fact. His treatment of Trotsky is a case in point. Despite his obvious distaste for the man—for his literary and political ways—he grants him a full meed of recognition as "the outstanding hero of the civil war from the Soviet standpoint . . . one of the decisive factors in finally bringing the whole Russian land under the red flag of the Soviets." And he adds this damning commentary upon official Soviet historiography: "The systematic campaign of defamation and ignoring which has been carried on against him in the decidedly colored works about the civil war which were written in Russia after his fall cannot obscure this fact."

Lacking a philosophy of history or even a definite theory of social causation, Mr. Chamberlin has no *a priori* thesis to establish. He does not, therefore, have to resort to special pleading. But he tries to make the succession and form of events intelligible by showing that given Russian history with its tradition of Czarist oppression, the World War with its catastrophic *dénouement* for Russia, the ineptitude and hypocrisy of the Allies, and the absence of an organized liberal movement with a mass base—the victory of the Bolsheviks and their program of "Peace, Land, and Bread" was inevitable.

At times Chamberlin writes as if he conceived of the Revolution as running an almost predestined course from the moment when food riots broke out in Petrograd to the final consolidation of the Soviet Republic. This over-simplified conception of historic necessity not only creates difficult problems for Chamberlin but is responsible, in part, for the absence in his book of dramatic accent in the recital of events, for the failure to catch the breathless tension of momentous issues which might have turned out differently from what they did, and for the underestimation of the very real, even if limited, role of intelligence, theory, and programmatic ideas in social change. It is undeniable that the complex of factors enumerated by Chamberlin created the opportunities for the Bolshevik revolution, but it did not create the political party with its organized will and flexible political intelligence which took advantage of those opportunities. All that has been demonstrated is that in the absence of either or both of the antecedent conditions, the Russian Revolution might not have occurred altogether or taken a different turn. But neither Chamberlin, Trotsky, Rosenberg, nor any other historian of the Russian Revolution has succeeded in showing that these two sets of conditions—loosely speaking, the objective and subjective factors—were *necessarily* connected or the specific effect of the *same* specific historical causes.

Two things emerge very clearly from Chamberlin's analysis which have a large historic bearing upon the theory and practice of social revolution. One is that revolutions begin as spontaneous eruptions of mass discontent generated by the consequences of the existing social economy. As distinct from palace revolutions they are not engineered by conspiratorial groups or by idealists with theories. The last thing which people want is to make a revolution. They are never argued into it but driven to it by a thousandfold objective compulsions which deprive them of their goods today and strip them of their illusions for the future. The outbreak of the Russian Revolution was leaderless. It surprised even the professional revolutionists. A month before the February days Lenin concluded a lecture to the socialist youth of Zurich with the words "We of the older generation may not live to see the decisive battles of this coming revolution." Chamberlin spikes very effectively the historical canard that the Bolsheviks released the forces which disintegrated the Russian armies, disorganized factory production, and reduced the agricultural economy to a pitiful state.

He shows that before the soldiers had heard of Lenin they were already voting against war with their feet, and deserting to their farms in droves. Again and again it appears that the sentiment of the masses was to the left of the Bolsheviks and that they were often denounced by the Left Social Revolution-

LENIN ADDRESSING TROOPS DEPARTING FOR THE POLISH FRONT
From "The Russian Revolution."

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aries for their lack of political intransigeance.

The second lesson which Chamberlin's account brings home is that if revolutions begin spontaneously they do not run their course that way. How they end depends not merely upon how they begin but upon the presence of some active, political group which seeks to give *direction* to the turbulent streams of passion, enthusiasm, and animosity let loose by the downfall of traditional barriers. The subjective factors, then, the intelligence, courage, and honesty of revolutionary cadres, despite the economic simplism of those who speak in Marx's name but have never tarried to read him, exert a relatively independent influence upon the course of future events. Under certain conditions, when a revolutionary situation has arisen and a country is writhing in social convulsion, they may be of decisive importance. And it seems to me that if a competent historian were to set out to prove that this was precisely the case in Russia after February, he would write a history at least as plausible, and psychologically much more persuasive, than any history of Russia written in terms of the dry, rattling categories of economic inevitability.

Mr. Chamberlin stops his exposition in the year 1921 because the abandonment of war communism and the introduction of the New Economic Policy mark a turning point in the development of Russia. The division he makes between the two epochs of Russian historical development is convenient and, so it seems to me, quite deceptive. Both war communism and the Nep were tactical measures in a strategy of national and international revolution which remained unaltered up to the latter part of 1923. Lenin's death and the abandonment of the principles of international revolution for the theory of socialism in one country mark the proper dividing line between the two epochs of Russian development. It is all the more surprising that Chamberlin did not take his history up to January, 1924 because he emphasizes in his penultimate chapters the importance of the drive for world-revolution in the Bolshevik theory. He cites very interesting documentary evidence of the practical aid given by the titular heads of the Russian State—Lenin and Trotsky—to the international movement. The abandonment of revolutionary internationalism and not the introduction of Nep was the fateful step because, after Lenin's death, the theory of socialism in one country imposed as a necessity of Russian foreign policy the preservation of the *status quo* in Europe. The recent Laval-Stalin communiqué which approves of the French military measures is a logical conclusion of the shift not merely in tactics but in principle begun in 1923-4. Chamberlin's documentary appendices are the best evidence of this.

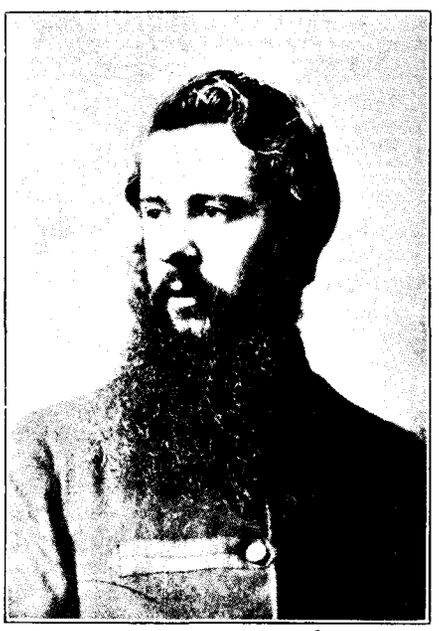
Sidney Hook, author of "Toward the Understanding of Karl Marx," is professor of philosophy at New York University.

Half Saint, Half Showman

GOD'S SOLDIER: GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH. By St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. 2 *vols.* $7.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

FOR six years the admirers of St. John Ervine's plays have waited in vain for any new product of his pen. Forsaking the theatre, he has devoted his talent during that period to the mammoth biography of the founder of the Salvation Army which now at last is published. It is another of those enormous works, like "Anthony Adverse" or "Of Time and the River," that seem to rebuke our trivial, hurrying days by their sheer magnitude of accomplishment. "God's Soldier" contains not only biographies of William and Catherine Booth and all their numerous children but also a history of the Salvation Army since its founder's death in 1912, together with a biography of John Wesley and a history of Methodism thrown in for good measure, as well as seventeen appendices of documentary evidence. The so-called "official lives" of William and Catherine Booth, by Harold Begbie and Booth-Tucker, are the merest cockle-shells in comparison with this Leviathan. Whatever its defects of partisanship, and they are many, "God's Soldier" is likely to remain the standard work in its field for many years to come.



WILLIAM BOOTH IN 1882
From "God's Soldier"

During the earlier two or three hundred pages of the long story, it is Catherine rather than William who occupies the center of the stage. This remarkable woman, daughter of a neurotic and fanatically religious mother, victim in girlhood of curvature of the spine and threatened with consumption, hardly knowing a painless day in her whole life and dying finally of cancer, was one of those rare souls who have been able to meet an adverse fate with courage and without bitterness. The little girl who had read the Bible from cover to cover seven times before she was twelve and who at that tender age began to write letters to the press on the evils of excessive drinking, grew up to be a precociously serious young lady with definite opinions on every subject in the world, who possessed a charmingly naïve confidence in her Creator and a tender love for all his creatures. Almost from the moment when she met Booth at a social gathering and heard the tall young pawnbroker now turned Methodist preacher recite "The Grogseller's Dream" the two recognized their God-sent mates. But during the early years of their married life, while they struggled in and out of various Methodist sects to reach at last their destiny in London mission work, it was always Catherine who guided. Giving birth to five children in the first seven years and doing the cooking for the family, she still found time to enter the mission field herself and to give advice to her coarser - grained and slower-witted husband, advice that was usually good and almost invariably followed.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Ervine amply demonstrates, it was William, not Catherine, who made the Army and after its inception directed its development. Half - saint, half-showman, with a courage often enough put to the test in the beginning and a personal honesty that triumphed over the temptations that became numerous later on, he possessed a genius for organization and publicity that ended by making him their slave. Few pages are more poignant than those in which Mr. Ervine tells of the prolonged cancer agony of Catherine turned to the glory of God by her zealous husband with intrusive photographers to catch any look of peace upon the tortured features, with hidden stenographers to take down her most intimate words for reproduction in *The War Cry*.

Catherine died in 1890, and for twenty-two years General William lived on, ruling over a mighty institution with the autocratic spirit of an oriental satrap. With his three sons and four daughters holding high positions in the Army, the latter threatened to become an appanage of the Booth family and might have done so but for dissensions within the holy family itself. When Bramwell, the heir-apparent, aped the domineering attitude of his father, the younger children found it hard to submit, and three of them left

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the Army, Ballington and Herbert to found movements of their own, Catherine to join that of Dowie in Chicago. After the General's death, Bramwell succeeded to the office, but the dissensions continued until in 1929 he was deposed largely through the influence of his sister Evangeline, the present General. Owing to these struggles for place and power, the Army, in Mr. Ervine's view, has now lost much of its original spirit of Christian service.

"God's Soldier" bristles with controversial points, and it is no part of Mr. Ervine's conception of his duty as a biographer to maintain a disinterested attitude. Getting out his shillalagh, he enters into every fight with gusto on one side or the other; often his interpretations are eminently childish, and sometimes they are those of an ill-tempered child, as in his denunciations of what he considers the pro-American policies of Ballington and Evangeline Booth, and in his sneers at the efforts of the latter in the World War. Always, however, he scrupulously supplies the evidence to refute his own contention. And he knows how to hold the unflagging interest of his reader through more than a thousand pages of narrative. That, perhaps, is an equally important talent in a biographer with the judicial mindedness which Mr. Ervine lacks.

Roast Beef and Sugar

THREE ENGLISHMEN. By Gilbert Frankau. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

TODAY there is a very large number of people who are in a mood in which, quite comprehensibly, the pompous security of Edwardian England seems like heaven on earth, and even the war of 1914, when the issues appeared to clear, seems not so bad. This is a fortunate circumstance for the author of "Three Englishmen," for he knows the prosperous life at the beginning of the century, and he has learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the Armistice. He will no doubt find a wide audience in sympathy with his picture of a generation, shown in the lives of three men who were boys together at Eton. One left school to go to the Boer War, and remained a professional soldier, simple and straightforward, who may be described without cynicism as a Galahad with occasional lapses; it is probably a commoner type than is generally supposed. One became a surgeon, whose advance was only checked by the fact that his devotion to science could not overcome his repugnance to vivisection; but by a remarkable coincidence he was called on to relieve the suffering of a friend's dog and found that the dog's life could be saved by precisely the operation necessary to establish his theory. One was a financier, the kind who

GILBERT FRANKAU

is not consciously dishonest but takes overlong chances; he is ultimately sent to prison for fraud. It is worth noting that this last, the only one whose character has any subtlety, is the least realized.

The story is told in the popular pageant manner, with period songs and casual references to new inventions and ideas. One of the backdrops, in particular, is newer than the rest, that of the London of the rich young men, the promenade in the music halls, the prostitutes in Pall Mall not waiting for nightfall—probably one of the most tedious existences earth ever saw. But the beauty of the pageant method is that all the periods of disillusion can be tucked into the entr'actes and kept off the stage. Thus we have the Boer War, but not the nasty class war that followed; the Mons Retreat, but not the later years of the war, and not the peace; the boom, but not the crash.

And the book is of course suffused with sentiment, the genuine Anglo-Saxon, strong, silent sentiment. It cannot be called false, nor the means for obtaining it forced; young wives do die of botulism, and fathers no doubt yearn over their illegitimate sons. Even in the passages in which the author speaks of "all the hair-splittings of all the pseudo-intellectuals and all the muckrakings of all those who, some for profit and some for vanity, have sought, for twenty years and more, to besmirch every fair shield of knightly achievement," the fervor is no doubt sincere. It is not false, but it is appallingly obvious. Mr. Ford Madox Ford has recently reminded us of the passion of the later Middle Ages for sweetening their meat; and this combination of the Old English Gentleman and sentiment may remind some readers of roast beef and sugar. (It is said that spices came into fashion to prevent the decay of the meat from being noticed.) This book sold thirty thousand copies in London. It will in all probability have a great success here.

Affectionate Bravos

TORTILLA FLAT. By John Steinbeck. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $2 50.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THIS is young Mr. Steinbeck's fourth novel, but I believe he is prouder of the fact that when he left after helping build the New Madison Square Garden, Red Mike Flaherty, his foreman, told him he "had the makin's of a dom fine laborer." He is another of those writers who have held all sorts of jobs and roamed about. And he's been writing since the age of twelve. Hence it wasn't hard for him to get to know the real Monterey, California; the Monterey the tourists never guess. I've been there myself and seen a little of it, including—years ago—the late Jules Simoneau, who used to be a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. But I never got to know the paisanos, whose "ancestors have lived in California for a hundred or two years." Their speech either in English or Spanish, Mr. Steinbeck tells us, has a peculiar paisano accent. Tortilla Flat is their stamping ground, and is in the "uphill district above the town of Monterey."

There lived Danny, and there gathered Danny's Round Table, like the knights of old—with a few differences. This tale of Danny and his paisano friends is full of gusto and humor. It is a short novel into which is packed a lot, and incidentally it is perfectly illustrated by Ruth Gannett.

The innocent guile of these *amigos* is all too touching. They are utterly without morals or scruples and yet they are pious and of an almost overwhelming kindliness of spirit. It takes so little to disperse their sense of obligation, and how they can dispose of gallons of wine! They are a Robin Hood's band without any organization save that dictated by their slyness. They live off the country and each other and never by any chance pay the rent. After three of the friends returned from the Great War it all began by Danny finding himself an heir, actually with two whole houses on his hands. Unto himself he added his friend, Pilon, and soon Pilon and Pablo and Jesus Maria were living in Danny's other house. Finally came catastrophe. Then Danny and Pablo and Pilon and Jesus Maria were all living in Danny's own house. And so it goes, with wistful abandon, with deliciously demure comment upon these pleasant scoundrels.

The flavor of this book is something new; the setting and the people carry thorough conviction; and the extraordinary humors of these curiously childlike natives are presented with a masterly touch. These silly bravos are always about to do something nice for each other, their hearts are soft and easily touched; and yet almost absentmindedly they live with atrocious disregard for scruple. To have so presented them and made their story sometimes almost hysterically funny is no slight achievement.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

BUT what was it that Helvetius had said? This always occurs to me when I read—usually in newspaper editorials where an axe is being sharpened for some special billet—the apothegm "I do not agree with a word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire to Helvetius."

Voltaire did not have to put the promise into effect; he lived to the excellent age of 84 and survived the philosophic Swiss (who was 20 years his junior) by 7 years.

It seems an inadequate immortality for Helvetius, to be remembered solely (and then chiefly in the Hearst newspapers) as the recipient of a dose of salts from Voltaire—not less purgative than the ipecac which H's grandfather introduced into French pharmacy.

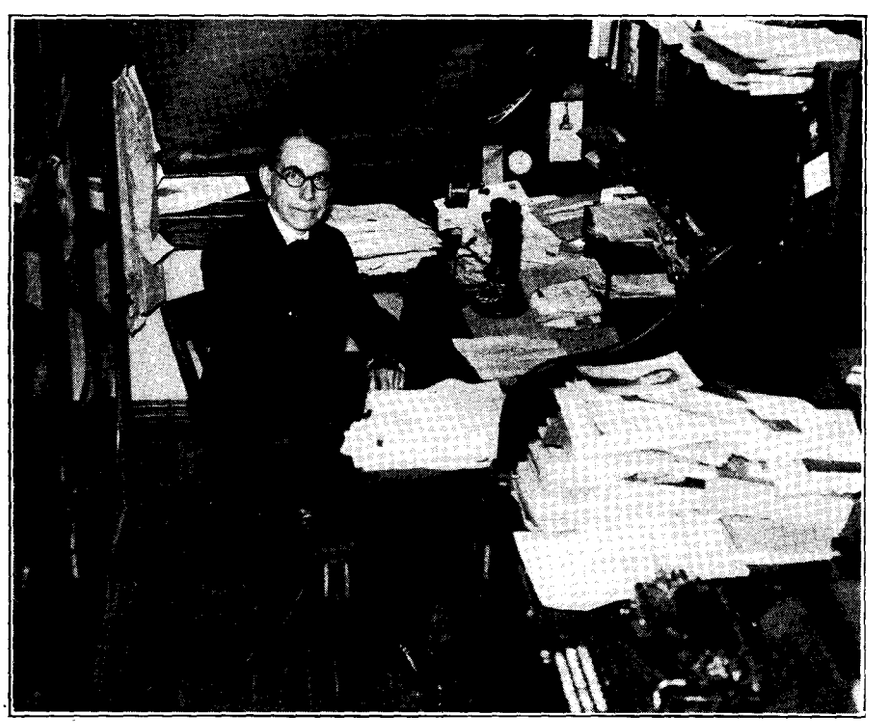
I turned to Helvetius's name in *Everyman's Encyclopædia* and found an amusing entry. He "was trained for a financial career, but occupied his spare time by writing verses. At the age of 23, at the queen's request, he was appointed farmer-general, a post of responsibility and dignity, worth 100,000 crowns a year. Thus provided for, he proceeded to enjoy life to the uttermost."

John Morley's chapter on Helvetius (in *Diderot and the Encyclopedists*, vol. 2) gives a somewhat different picture. "He devoted himself for seven years to the concoction of a work designed to bring him immortal glory." The book was *De l'Esprit* (which *Everyman* dates at 1785; it should be 1758) and caused as much brouhaha as Pareto's *Trattato* at the present time; and was, I rather guess, not altogether dissimilar. The theory of Helvetius's "ill-starred pages" (as John Morley calls them) seems to have been that the "utility of the public" is the only test of virtue, and self-gratification the only inducement that makes men prefer virtue to vice. This, said Madame du Deffand, was simply writing openly what everyone admits in secret.

L'Esprit, adds John Morley, "is perhaps the most readable book upon morals ever written, for persons who do not care that what they read shall be scientifically true."

I WAS intending to go on and look up Madame du Deffand when I was diverted by finding a bluestocking of a different weave in the adjoining column of the encyclopædia. This was Felicia Hemans, and I was interested to learn that it is just a hundred years since her death (May 16, 1835). Can it be that New England has let that go by without comment? Surely it should have been good for a paragraph along the stern and rock-bound coast. As for *Casabianca*, no poem of my childhood (except perhaps the doleful snowprints of Lucy Gray) made so horrific an impression on me as that stanza—

> There came a burst of thunder sound;
> The boy,—oh where was he?



A REVIEWER AT WORK: E. F. E. ON THE BOSTON *TRANSCRIPT*

I could see, almost feel, that blasting dispersion; and visualized with disgust the scavengering lines that follow—

> Ask of the winds, that far around
> With fragments strewed the sea.

Yet they tell us that realism was invented by Mr. Faulkner and—well, who are the fashionable realists this spring?

To this day I cannot vouch which is correct, about the boy on the burning deck—is it all but *him* had fled? Or all but *he*? I prefer the latter. And it was so printed in the good old *Children's Garland* (selected by Coventry Patmore) in which I first encountered it. I deplore Burton Stevenson and various other modern editors always amending it to "all but him."

I GATHER from the newspaper obituaries that Colonel Lawrence called his *Revolt in the Desert* "a rotten and dishonest thing." And anyone who has even glanced through *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, from which it was so savagely abridged, can guess Lawrence's contempt for the public. In order to make a book that could be widely sold most of the pillars were samsoned out, and a good deal of dangerous wisdom with them. But there is nothing necessarily heinous in a man withholding what he knows to be so in order to avoid the nuisance of vulgar palaver. Like many another philosopher, Lawrence had learned to prefer silence to miscellaneous bandar-log chatter.

No matter how much was ripped out, there is still plenty in *Revolt* to give any intelligent reader some superb satisfaction. The little dialogue between the Author and the Publisher's Proofreader, at the beginning of the book, always delighted me; the serious-minded proofreader queries all sorts of inconsistencies in spelling, proper names, etc. No proofreader, "burning on the rote," can ever understand that a writer may quite legitimately spell or punctuate differently in different moods. Lawrence's replies to the literal-minded editor are a whole theology in themselves. "I spell my names anyhow," he says, "to show what rot the systems are."

The industrious obitueer in one newspaper says of Lawrence's book that it is "comparable only to Cæsar's Commentaries." Cæsar was a good man with a notebook, but Lawrence is better reading. I'll tell you who I think he can more accurately be compared with, Rudyard Kipling. The cadence, the élan, the unit of frequency, the tingling freshness of report, are distinctly in the best Kipling touch. For instance:—

"I proceeded, alternately on and off my

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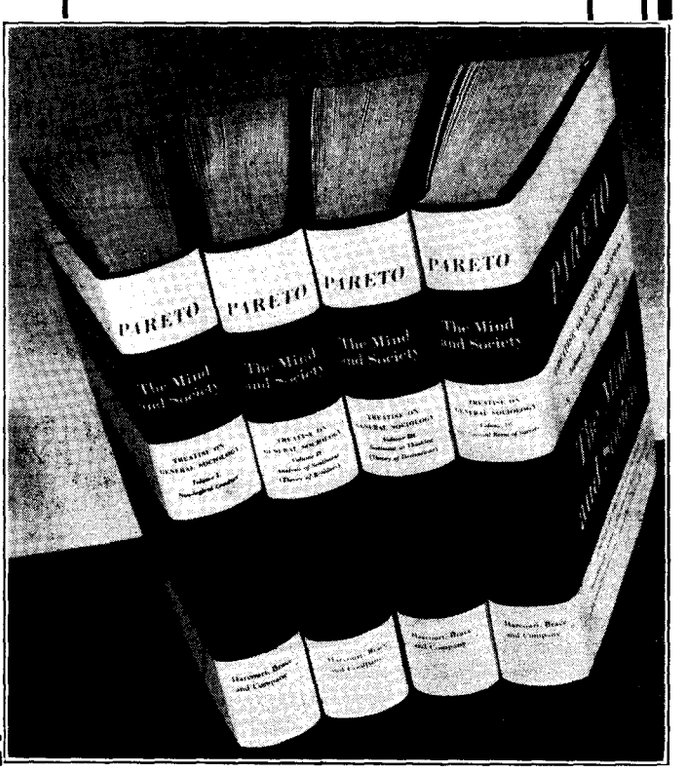
Bernard de Voto in the *Saturday Review* says it this way: "I first read 'The Mind and Society' in 1927. I have been using it ever since. I have found it not only a means of understanding (so far as I can claim to understand) the events of these times . . . not only a highly useful instrument for the interpretation of everyday intercourse, thought, and behavior all about me; I found it by far the most important single instrument I have ever used for the analysis of . . . American social history. . . . Among my acquaintances similar testimony is offered by a political historian, a mathematician, an industrial engineer, a psychiatrist, an anthropologist, a lawyer. . . . They work in widely different fields. . . . They report that Pareto's book has helped them."



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camel, like the day before, though now the way was all too slippery, except on the ancient paving, the last footprint of Imperial Rome which had once so much more preciously, played the Turk to the desert dwellers. On it I could ride: but I had to walk and wade the dips where the floods of fourteen centuries had washed the road's foundations out. Rain came on, and soaked me, and then it blew fine and freezing till I crackled in armour of white silk, like a theatre knight: or like a bridal cake, hard iced.

"The camel and I were over the plain in three hours; wonderful going: but our troubles were not ended. The snow was indeed as my guides had said, and completely hid the path, which wound up hill between walls and ditches, and confused piles of stone. It cost me an infinity of pain to turn the first two corners. Wodheiha, tired of wading to her bony knees in useless white stuff, began perceptibly to flag. However, she got up one more steep bit, only to miss the edge of the path in a banked place. We fell together some eighteen feet down the hill-side into a yard-deep drift of frozen snow. After the fall she rose to her feet whimpering, and stood still, in a tremble.

"When he-camels so baulked, they would die on their spot, after days; and I feared that now I had found the limit of effort in she-camels. I plunged to my neck in front of her, and tried to tow her out, vainly. Then I spent a long time hitting her behind. I mounted, and she sat down. I jumped off, heaved her up, and wondered if, perhaps, it was that the drift was too thick. So I carved her a beautiful little road, a foot wide, three deep, and eighteen paces long, using my bare feet and hands as tools. The snow was so frozen on the surface that it took all my weight first to break it down, and then to scoop it out. The crust was sharp, and cut my wrists and ankles till they bled freely, and the roadside became lined with pink crystals looking like pale, very pale, watermelon flesh."

OR READ the description of blowing up the Turkish train (chapter XVI), or the discrimination between the smell of the Arabs and the British troops (end of chapter XXXV). This is history with most appetizing gusto. And in unsolicited advertising copy there is one gem of high lustre. If the Rolls-Royce Company were ever looking for a pleasant surprise they might read the last two pages of chapter XXX.

(I suppose the Rolls-Royce sales manager has noticed the free ad he gets in the most unexpected place, in *The Oxford Companion to English Literature?* But the number of makes of car mentioned in that literary dictionary is not the least of its anomalies. The learned editor omitted —among others—Sir Hugh Clifford, Neil Munro, Booth Tarkington, Ring Lardner, C. E. Montague, William McFee, Pearsall Smith, A. S. W. Rosenbach, A. Edward Newton, but had room for the Ford, Austin, Bentley, and Morris motor-cars.)

A CURIOUS accidental side-by-side of two books was on a shelf of miscellany in Mr. Harry Scherman's office at the Book-of-the-Month Club. One volume was *The United States in World Affairs;* and next to it was a book called *Funeral Costs.* I hope there's no omen in it.

THE GREEN promised to show the famous corner where probably more books have been reviewed than any other one spot in North America. It is Edwin Edgett's old rolltop in the office of the Boston *Transcript.* Mr. Edgett has been literary editor of the *Transcript* since 1901 and it's easy to see that book reviewing keeps a man young.

THE OLD MANDARIN, who has been abroad for some time, returned to this country the other day and has been examining our phenomena with a fresh eye. The day he arrived was the occasion of Father Coughlin's mass meeting at Madison Square Garden.

The Shrine of the Little Flower, remarked the Chinese philosopher, seems to have caused a good deal of hay fever.

AND THEN, stupefied by an eruption of excitement about the sociologist Pareto, the old Oriental was patiently studying a pamphlet about *The Mind and Society.* "The head of any large advertising agency," he read, "will find in this book all he ever needs to read or know about advertising."

I wonder, he brooded. No one can ever know all he needs to about advertising.

Yes, but the public always, I began—

There's no such thing as "the public," he said; as a matter of fact there isn't even any such word as always.

BUT THE name Pareto (he added) sounds so much like a Latin imperative it makes me feel ornery. I'm funny about imperatives; and about orators who point their fingers at me.

Tumbleweed

LIGHT FROM ARCTURUS. By Mildred Walker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $2.50.

IN 1933 Mildred Walker wrote "Fireweed," a tale of Michigan. In this second novel her horizon has widened and she allows her heroine, Julia Hauser, to journey to Philadelphia on her wedding trip and then to Nebraska to settle down. Years later in her maturity she goes to Chicago and on the final page, as a perky old lady, she flies to California.

If we can accept the premise that visiting expositions can satisfy a woman's ambition to live a full life, then the story of Julia Hauser is adequately told. If the statue of the Greek slave, the stained glass of the Art Building, the first refrigerator, the "buffalo surrounded by nymphs" at the Centennial in Philadelphia could sustain a housewife through the raising of four children, through struggles with literary societies and shot-gun justice, through years of heat and cold in Halstead, Nebraska, then there is sufficient motive for the disastrous trip to Chicago with stolid husband Max and all the offspring to spend the summer at the Columbian Exposition in 1893.

The third focal point of the tale is the Century of Progress in 1933 and we find Julia at the Belgian Village surrounded by acceptably married daughters and a son with well-grounded interest in commerce. She is making ready to fly to California with her granddaughter the concert-singer. And so she leaves us.

In "Fireweed" the author likened the later generations of the settlers in Michigan to the weed for which the book is named, which flaunts its small, bright flowers where tall timber has burned to the ground. In "Light from Arcturus" we hear of tumbleweeds which get dry and break off at the roots. Julia is something like these strange stalks, driven far by surface needs. "Tumbleweed" might have been a better title for the book.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE BLIND MOUSE *Martin Freeman* (Dutton: $2.)	Death and kidnappers take Chicago radio singer and warbler husband. Business Mgr. calls in Jerry Todd.	Capital combination of murder and mobster yarn with agreeable detective, good central idea, and speedy action.	Excellent
THE BEAUTIFUL DERELICT *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Derelict sloop, carrying two corpses, picked up by steamer with Fleming Stone aboard, who starts deducing.	Barring the mechanical gadgets and alarming casualness of whole affair, this Stone exploit ranks with his best.	Average
SHIPS AFLAME! *Jean Toussaint-Samat* (Lippincott: $2.)	Terrorist ring fires French liners. Brave young Gaul puts 'em out, wins gal, etc.	It won Jules Verne prize in France, as J. V. revolves rapidly in his grave.	*Nom d'un nom!*

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—THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

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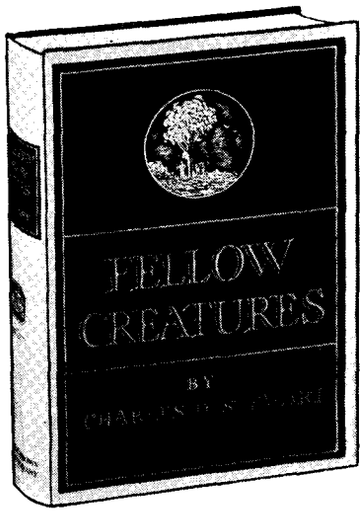

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A CERTAIN amount of news concerning the verse of today has accumulated. Here it is:

The Lewiston Journal of Lewiston, Maine, recently featured in its Magazine Section a long illustrated article on *Harold Pulsifer*, former President of the Poetry Society of America, who, though born in Connecticut, now makes his winter home in Brunswick, Maine, and for the summer goes to East Harpswell. Mr. Pulsifer was for years associated with the fortunes of *The Outlook* under *Lyman Abbott*. He joined that magazine upon his graduation from Harvard. His most recent book of poems, which I have reviewed here, is "First Symphony." . . . At the last meeting of The Poetry Society of America until the Fall, *Padraic Colum* talked of and read from *Yeats* and other more recent Irish poets, particularly discussing the work of *Austin Clarke*, who is making somewhat the same experiments in a new technique in Ireland that *Auden, Spender*, and *Day Lewis* are attempting in England. *Marjorie Meeker* received the vote for the best poem read anonymously, and voted on, at this session of the Society. . . . At the Salt House Press, Baltimore, Maryland, *Lewis McKenzie Turner* is printing interesting broadsides of his poems in small editions. The Press is now located in the East Hall of the Peabody Library, and you should address Mr. Turner at P. O. Box 115, Baltimore, Md.

Sheed and Ward, the Catholic publishers, 63 Fifth Avenue, this city, will have ready in August a modernized version of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," done by *Professor Wells* of Columbia. "The anger of Langland," they say, "is worth letting loose again upon a world still full of those evils which first provoked it." In my own opinion this is the greatest English poem prior to Chaucer; and I suggest also that, along with it, you read *Florence Converse's* remarkable historical novel, "Long Will," which completely gives you Langland and his time. Though Miss Converse is a contemporary, this novel of hers has already become a classic and you will find it in the Everyman Library published by Dutton. . . . A new item in The World's Classics, Oxford University Press, is "A Book of American Verse," edited with an introduction by *A. C. Ward*. These small books are most attractively made and slip easily into the pocket. The price is only eighty cents and I suggest that the present volume is an excellent one to take to the country with you on your vacation. The selections are well chosen and it will be a good companion on summer walking trips. . . . In the ninth annual celebration of Poetry Week, founded and organized by *Anita Browne, Robert P. Tristram Coffin*, of Bowdoin College, Maine, received on Sunday evening, May 19th, the "Golden Scroll" medal of honor as the outstanding poet of the nation, and *Laura Benét*, author of "Basket for a Fair" and other books of poems, was presented with a gold emblem of honor as the outstanding poet of New York State. Mr. Coffin on the Monday following read some of his poems over WEAF. . . . I can vouch for the fact that from the windows of the Poetry Center, in Rockefeller Center, there is the finest view of Manhattan Island south of Fiftieth Street that I have ever clapped eye on! . . . On that same Monday afternoon, May 20th, Audrey Wurdemann, the Pulitzer Prize poet, read selected poems from Seattle on an NBC coast to coast network. . . . *Tessa Sweazy Webb*, Poetry Editor of the *Columbus Sunday Dispatch*, arranged an interesting series of broadcasts from Columbus for Poetry Week. . . . There is one aspect of poets "going on the air," it should serve to improve their powers of reading or speaking poetry aloud. There are extremely few poets who can even *read* their poetry aloud with any adequacy. To this there are exceptions, such as *Leonora Speyer, Joseph Auslander*, and *Theda Kenyon*, but I believe that there will be an increasing demand for poetry broadcasts, and that among the poets themselves a talent for presenting their poems properly by voice needs to be developed. . . . Of course, certain poets do not care at all about that sort of thing—but for the honor of the craft such as do attempt it should give a good account of themselves. . . . In the program of New London's part in the Connecticut Tercentenary, there will be at New London, on June 2nd, a celebration in memory of Connecticut's Early Printers under the auspices of the New London Allied Families Association. The exercises will be held at Connecticut College. At that time, the invitation of the Poets' Guild of Christodora House, organized by *Anna Hempstead Branch*, will be printed and sent to the Rulers of the Nations, asking them to participate in the Festival of the World Book. The hospitality of the Press will be extended to the Poets' Guild in honor of the early poets of Connecticut and of *Thomas Short*, first printer in the Colony. The invitation to the Nations will be read by Mrs. Richard Mansfield.

Now, what have we in the way of books of poetry? . . . *Witter Bynner's* new "Guest Book" (Knopf) is a book of portraits in verse which the publisher thinks might well be entitled "What Your Host Thinks of You." While not extremely important as poetry, it is a clever and sometimes a sagacious volume. Mr. Bynner can skewer various types of human beings with great adroitness. It has also been called a sophisticated "Spoon River," which isn't a bad appellation. Recommended for the in-between hours. The portraits are in sonnet form. . . . Those of you—page *Isabel Paterson* and *Herschel Brickell!*—who have gone back to the soil, and are following *Voltaire's* advice about cultivating your garden, need not look askance at an

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anthology chosen by *Sylvia Spencer* and published by Houghton Mifflin, even though it *is* a collection of Garden Poems. It is called "Up From the Earth," and actually gathers poems all the way from 1300 B.C. (if you please!) down to the present day. Not only that, but the selections show taste and discrimination, and are by no means stereotyped, from the first excerpt from an Egyptian poem, down to the last poem by the English poet, *Muriel Stuart*, called "The Seed Shop." Yes sir, you spring and summer gardeners ought to get this book! . . . A new edition of *Richard Aldington's* "A Dream in the Luxembourg" has been beautifully printed and bound by the Overbrook Press in Stamford, Connecticut, typography being by *T. M. Cleland.* This is one of the most entirely charming of Mr. Aldington's poems. I am glad to hear from his stepson, *Derek Patmore,* descendant of *Coventry Patmore,* that Mr. Aldington is expected shortly in this country. . . . Years ago I met *Señor Chocano* at the house of *Sálamón de la Silva,* the Nicaraguan poet. Now he is introduced to us by *Edna Worthley Underwood* as "the most dramatic, tragic figure of a Continent—the *Great Peruvian,* part Indian, part Spaniard, rebellious revolutionist, champion of the masses and of freedom, devout follower of Christ," and so on. She calls Señor Chocano a "Conquistador of Song." He was, indeed, a strong and vivid poet. He was famous for the beauty of his speaking voice. Rubén Darío, part Indian also, greeted him with: "Go on, my Don Quixote, to your brave battlefields of the ideal!" Chocano was stabbed to death on the street just as he stepped from a car, a little before dusk, in Santiago de Chile, where he was living in exile, on December 13th last. . . . All this Mrs. Underwood tells us in her foreword to the poems of Chocano's she has translated in "Spirit of the Andes" (The Mosher Press, Portland, Maine). Mrs. Underwood has already translated *Tu Fu, Hafiz,* and made anthologies of Slav poetry, Chinese masterpieces, Mexican poets, and the poets of Haiti. . . . When *Frederic Brush's* "The Long Hills" came out in 1932 I called attention to it. Now, three years later, through a different Philadelphia publisher, David McKay of Washington Square, that city, we have a new volume, "Crooked River." "The Long Hills" was a strange sort of novel in verse of the Allegheny woods, not without its peculiar power. "Crooked River" has both songs and narratives and is illustrated with rather good drawings by *Betty Dawson Miller.* Dr. Brush has been physician, administrator, wartime naval officer, hunter, and athlete. He writes best of his native Pennsylvania mountains. He has been farmer, lumberman, and quarryman in those hills. The folk nature of his balladry is his long suit; and while it isn't absolutely first class, it is of considerable interest. . . . To turn from the Alleghenies to the Southern Highlands, you should look into *Rebecca Cushman's* "Swing Your Mountain Gal" (Houghton Mifflin). Her own drawings illustrate her book and her foreword is written from Chapel Hill, North Carolina. More than for the verse this book is important for its fixing of folk types, and as an illuminating narrative of a strange corner of our country.

A Czech View of American Letters

SOUCASNÁ LITERATURA SPOJENYCH STÁTU. By Otakar Vocadlo. Prague: Jan Leichter. 1934.

Reviewed by ARTHUR PRUDDEN COLEMAN

IF the business of a Professor of Foreign Literature in a country is to interpret the people whose literature he teaches to his own race and to popularize that literature in his own country, then Otakar Vocadlo, Lecturer in English Literature at the University of Bratislava in Czechoslovakia, has done his job well. He has written, under the title above, which translated means "Contemporary American Literature," a book designed for Czech consumption that is the last word anyone could write within the scope of a single volume in any language on our contemporary literature.

Professor Vocadlo's book is not for the admirers of our literary trash. It presupposes a genuine desire on his readers' part to learn something about this thing called American literature, which he believes exists in a vital and flourishing condition.

To Vocadlo the forest is in no way confusing. He finds a way through and he makes sense of its maze as he goes: Edna Millay, along with Edwin Arlington Robinson and Emily Dickinson, is a classicist; Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow are heirs, through Edith Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, of the European tradition. Hergesheimer and Wilder and Cabell are all dabblers in what Europeans love to call "the exotic romance." Ernest Hemingway is a natural product of the war and the dizzy age of jazz. Sinclair Lewis stands alone, in a class by himself, though he owes, Vocadlo believes, something to Mark Twain, and a good deal to Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson and H. L. Mencken. Eugene O'Neill is the greatest dramatic artist in the world today. To some of his groupings one could take exception, but at any rate he does make a pattern that his Czech readers may follow. He has done good pioneer work. The great are all there in their place, the small artists are there too, even so minor a poet as Zaturenska is not forgotten, and even the "happy ending" group of Harold Bell Wright and Mary Roberts Rinehart and the two Porters, are remembered.

Vocadlo's measure of Willa Cather is particularly interesting because so many of her richest characters are drawn from the Czech immigration. He finds her Czechs completely, even extravagantly, satisfying, warmly and sympathetically, yet realistically drawn. He confesses to admiration for Miss Cather's understanding of the Czech immigrant's "unpuritanic temperateness"!

The Czechs are temperamentally suited to understand American literature and Vocadlo's book will help them to do it, whether they agree or not with the quotation from Galsworthy that forms the text of the book. That runs: "On Americans, and America's conduct after the war, I verily believe the destiny of civilization for the next century will hang."

"Tremendously vital, powerfully conceived, and written with passion and beauty." *Henry Seidel Canby in The Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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By MARTIN HARE

Author of "The Enchanted Winter"

THIS witty diary of life in a Paris *pension* (by a very un-provincial lady) may shock you a little but you'll like it. You won't miss a word about the much married Germaine who knows all about *l'amour;* the little film extra who unwisely made a *petit concession;* and the old lady whose gigolo may or may not be her *amant.* "Enjoy this dish with your best spring appetite. Wit in abundance and so many other assets—frivolity, artfulness and endearing personal frailties."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune.*

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A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

TRISTRAM. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. *Macmillan.*

RIGHT OFF THE MAP. By C. E. Montague. *Doubleday, Doran.*

THE SECOND EMPIRE. By Philip Guedalla. *Harpers.*

For a Youngster of Eleven

"Rolled round in earth's diurnal course, With rocks and stones and trees" comes a request which has been resting overlong in my file. It is from Father R. of the Franciscan Fathers of Detroit, Mich., *and is a most kind note asking a reading list for an eager young nephew of eleven.*

I'VE assembled a rather heterogeneous collection of titles for the youngster, giving him a little biography, a dash of geography, and considerable fiction. The Quennells' books, A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND (Scribners), which is done in four parts of which the last issued last February brings the record down to the present, ought to delight an intelligent boy, for they are packed full of fascinating facts and no less full of fascinating illustrations. Written for children, those of their elders unwary enough to dip into them, will find themselves drawn on from page to page to the detriment of whatever task may be clamoring for attention. I don't know any other book of its size which gives more vivid picturization of society than this last volume of the series, subtitled THE AGE OF PRODUCTION. Any child who wants to know how his grandmother looked when she played golf or tennis in the early days of woman's entrance upon those sports, or how his mother stepped forth when she went calling just before the outbreak of the World War, or who would learn how the laborers of England went equipped to their work, and how the industrialists changed the face of the land, will find it presented here in delightful fashion. Another work of different sort which offers facts to youth with all the animation of fiction is Hendrik Van Loon's GEOGRAPHY (Simon & Schuster), an account written in its author's usual vivacious manner and illustrated in the style so peculiarly his own. To this brace of books might be added THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF DISCOVERY (Little, Brown), MY LIFE WITH THE ESKIMOS (Macmillan), by Viljalmur Stefansson, and Alan J. Villiers's BY WAY OF CAPE HORN (Holt), the last two to meet the lust for travel which all healthy youth knows. Then there's the ancient world, which especially in fiction version, should have high interest for youth. Here can be grouped such books as Bulwer Lytton's THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (to be had in any number of inexpensive editions, including the Everyman Library one), Kipling's PUCK OF POOK'S HILL and REWARDS AND FAIRIES (both Doubleday, Doran), and Naomi Mitchison's THE CONQUERED (Harcourt, Brace). THE BOOK OF FROISSART (Scribners) and THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS (Scribners), by Howard Pyle, are works in which every boy is sure to delight. I don't mention here the standard historical novels like IVANHOE and THE TALISMAN, or such works as Cooper's THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS and THE SPY, for I take it for granted that Father R's small nephew knows all about them. And now, because time and space urge me on, I tumble together without rhyme or reason the titles of a number of books that I'm sure would rejoice any boy's heart—Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND, Jules Verne's TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA (Macmillan), Mark Twain's immortal works, Jack London's THE CALL OF THE WILD (Macmillan), Alfred Ollivant's BOB, SON OF BATTLE (Doubleday, Doran), Will James's SMOKY (Scribners), and Eric Kelly's THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW (Macmillan), this last a charming historical tale. Finally, by way of supplying some biography I add Plutarch's LIVES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (Stokes), freely retold by W. M. Weston, INDIAN BOYHOOD and FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION (Little, Brown), by Charles A. Eastman, Stewart Edward White's DANIEL BOONE, WILDERNESS SCOUT (Appleton-Century), and Carl Sandburg's ABE LINCOLN GROWS UP (Harcourt, Brace). The foregoing, as can be seen at a glance, is a haphazard assortment of titles, but there ought to be among them good reading for an intelligent boy of eleven, even though many of the books mentioned are adapted perhaps to somewhat older tastes than his. Good hunting to him. I'll make him a further list if he wants it later on.

Jewish History

M. D. H. of Fresno, Calif., *wants books that will give an outline of early Jewish history, together with a modern interpretation of the economic, political, and social status of the Jews in the world today.*

If M. D. H. wants to attack her subject seriously and not merely read a brief book upon it, she can do no better than get the six volumes of THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS (Hebrew Publication Society and Jewish Publication Society both), by Heinrich H. Graetz. This is a brilliant work, written with fire and passion, naturally not unbiased, but nevertheless impressive in scope and character. The index to the series, prepared by Henrietta Szold, is itself issued as a separate book. Perhaps the most satisfactory short history in English is the authoritative and sympathetic HISTORY OF THE JEWS by Paul Goodman, published by Dutton as one of

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the Temple Cyclopedic Primers. The Viking Press not long ago issued a volume which should meet M. D. H's desire for a work which covers not only the past history of the Jews but their present status and problems. This is THE HISTORY AND DESTINY OF THE JEWS by Jacob Kastein (Julius Katzenstein), a well-written, interesting, and scholarly work. Israel Cohen's JEWISH LIFE IN MODERN TIMES (Dodd, Mead) and Ludwig Lewisohn's ISRAEL (Liveright), which takes up the "Jewish question," and discusses the Jews in Palestine, might also fall in with M. D. H's needs.

Greek Triremes

Long ago a letter came in to me which particularly engaged my interest since it evoked such a delightful picture of a father and son carrying out their interests in common. It concerned the character of the Greek trireme which the writer of the letter was trying to reconstruct in miniature with his son. When his letter reached me I spent some time in the library trying to garner what information I could for him, but with ill success. I tried, too, some of the bookshops that specialize in nautical literature, all with scant results. Finally, while I was working on the question, Mr. Morley brought into my office his friend, Mr. Elihu Grant, associate professor of Biblical literature at Haverford College. I fell upon him with my troubles, and he with the greatest kindness made some investigations for me. In the process of trying to secure information the letter of my correspondent went astray, and I have now no initials of his with which to head my response to him. I hope that he will discover without them my much belated reply to his inquiry, and the information which now some time ago Mr. Grant relayed to me. He was good enough to make inquiry among specialists and their letters to him follow:

> The working model of an Athenian trireme does not, so far as I know, exist. That which I have give I thee.
>
> The best description, and it is full and detailed, is in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA under Ship.
>
> The best ancient pictures are reproduced in Daremberg et Saglio, DICTIONNAIRE DES ANTIQUITES under Navis.
>
> There are pictures and a text for children in E. Keble Chatterton, SAILING SHIPS AND THEIR STORY, Sedgwick and Jackson, London, 1909.
>
> There is one fanciful picture in W. Clark Russell, THE SHIP AND HER STORY, Stokes, New York, 1899.
>
> L. ARNOLD POST.

In addition to references that Arnold Post can supply, I would add Whibley, COMPANION TO GREEK STUDIES; Fincham, HISTORY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE (an old book, but containing some pictures that might be of help); Chatterton, SAILING SHIPS (with a pretty fair text). These are recommended by a student of mine now working along the line of ancient maritime development; I have not examined them myself.

HOWARD COMFORT.

A Shaw Play

Readers of the Clearing House who are contemplating a trip to England, may be interested to know that Shaw has written a play for the Malvern Festival, "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles."

Pioneering in Africa

MUNGO PARK AND THE QUEST OF THE NIGER. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

A HUNDRED AND FORTY years have passed since that strange young Scottish doctor Mungo Park began his search for the course of the Niger River. During this period equatorial Africa has been drawn from the backwater of world movement into the forefront of modern political history, and it is owing largely to Mungo Park that this has happened.

Mungo Park found his river and traced many miles of its course. However, he did not solve the riddle of the Niger nor did he trace it to the sea. His life was lost on his last expedition and the ultimate rending of the veil was left to others who followed in his footsteps within a few years of his death. Park's unique contribution consisted in his turning the eyes of Europe to the African hinterland, and although his geographical contributions were not great, his exploration paved the way for the Livingstones, Stanleys, Burtons, and Spekes who followed.

Amongst the great explorers of Africa, Mungo Park has been too frequently neglected. His finds were largely overshadowed by the more spectacular discoveries of his successors, but one sees frequent reference to him in all important works dealing with the development of Africa by European nations. He possessed the faculty of descriptive writing and his journals, which fill two quarto volumes, are worth reading today and could form a model after which our modern men of action might mould their style. Mungo Park in this respect was a true explorer and scientist. Like Capt. Sir Richard F. Burton, he was interested only in telling the civilized world what he had seen, and one searches in vain for heart-throbs or personal experiences calculated to arouse the reader's admiration.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn in his biography has followed the precedent of the late Joseph Thomson who was Park's first important biographer as well as a brilliant geologist and explorer in Africa. Like Thomson, Mr. Gwynn concludes the history of Niger exploration by telling of the subsequent expeditions of Laing, Oudney, Denham, Clapperton, the two Lander brothers, and René Caillié. In this way he very wisely completes the story and in "Mungo Park" he deals with his subject in a sympathetic and scholarly manner. The book is excellently written and those who follow travel and exploration will find it the best available on its subject. It will probably replace the late Joseph Thomson's life of Mungo Park as Mr. Gwynn has the advantage of writing forty years later, during which period our conception of African exploration has changed and it is possible to attach true significance to the pioneering work of the earlier explorers.

Julian W. Feiss, a geologist and engineer, has spent much time in Africa. He owns an extensive collection of books on Africa and is at present at work on a bibliography of African works.

The AMEN CORNER

"It is no idle fabulous tale, nor is it faynéd newes:
For Truth herself is heere arriv'd, because you should not muse.

. . . . . .

The seas did rage, the windes did blowe, distresséd were they then;
Their ship did leake, her tackling breake, in danger were her men."

So wrote R. Rich in his "Newes from Virginia," the very first poem in *A Book of American Verse* which Mr. A. C. Ward has just edited for our favourite series the *World's Classics*,[1] for which we are grateful to the Oxford University Press. This new anthology is, by the way, the best and most comprehensive selection of American Verse we have ever seen. It begins in the 16th century and comes down to E. A. Robinson, Robert Frost, T. S. Eliot, and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

But our quotation from Rich was leading up to *SOS To The Rescue*,[2] by Karl Baarslag, which in the words of one of literally *scores* of enthusiastic reviewers, is "one of the most thrilling and heroic books imaginable—and it is all true." So, we stand ready to affirm, are all the fine things that have been said about it, from Maine ("enough to arouse and hold the interest of anyone"—*The Portland Evening Express*) to California ("one of the most exciting books of the year."—*The Argonaut*); from professional critics ("a remarkably exciting book"—John Chamberlain; "as thrilling a set of sea stories as I have ever had the fortune to read"—Lewis Gannett) to professional radio men ("Every man who ever has, or will touch a marine radio key, as well as those who are at all interested in the romance of the sea will make it his business to read this book"—*Commercial Radio*); from the *New York Sun* ("true tales far more thrilling than the most imaginative writer of marine stories could invent") to the *Daily Mirror* ("it is something like stumbling upon the original scene of Creation itself."). In short, as Lincoln Colcord says, "Here is the sea book we have all been waiting for." And as Mr. Colcord says, "thank heaven, this is not a product of shore journalism." Mr. Baarslag is a young professional sea-going radio operator himself, who started out to write a book of permanent reference value based on first-hand knowledge and research. And it is (again Mr. Colcord) a "genuine historical contribution" and "simply invaluable"; but also it happened to turn out "a mighty indictment against the federal government and against 'big business'" (*The Evanston Daily News*) and "one of the most exciting sea books ever compiled" (*The Daily Mirror*).

We hoped to save enough space to tell you about the other new addition to the *World's Classics, Belchamber*, by Howard Sturgis, with an introduction by Mr. Gerard Hopkins, nephew of the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins whose remarkable *Letters*[3] the Oxford Press lately brought out.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) Write for complete list. 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) $2.50. (3) 2 vols., $10.00.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

AMERICAN WRITERS SERIES. Edited by Harry H. Clark. Issued thus far: Emerson, Hamilton and Jefferson, Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Thoreau, Walt Whitman. Others to follow. New York: American Book Co. $1 each.

This excellent series comes at the right time. American scholarship in American literature has had a great awakening at a moment when American criticism of American literature past and present is also in active renaissance. Such a fortunate conjunction is by no means common in literary history. The result has been a rewriting of the literary history of America, or more accurately, a new statement of the materials for that history, since a satisfactory history of American literature has not yet been written. The materials are ready, and they have been used in this new series to provide for students and readers a new approach to familiar texts. There is not one of the authors for whom new data of importance has not been provided. And that background of social history which the elder statesmen and critics so generally failed to provide is now available in rich abundance. Mr. Clark's series therefore gives an opportunity for a set of texts of the leading American writers, with introductions and bibliographies containing new material, new opinions, and a new emphasis upon an interpretation of man, book, and environment as a prelude to intelligent reading. The opportunity has been, as a rule, ably grasped, and it is interesting to see how many scholars in the list of editors bear names little known only ten years ago. There is no room in this brief review to examine the separate volumes. I will cite however as an example of method and workmanship, Bartholow V. Crawford's "Thoreau." His introduction of 46 pages is interesting, meaty, and well written. It is divided into topics: Thoreau's reputation, the growth of his philosophy (with sensible remarks upon Oriental influences), his adventuring, his politics, his social life, his criticism, his literary theory and practice. It is surprising how much criticism, interpretation, and significant biographical fact is packed into these pages. The introduction is followed by a selected and annotated bibliography, and by a Thoreau chronology. The selections include 347 pages, with 28 pages of notes. Briefly, here is an edition, fortified by good scholarship, sympathetic, intelligent, and complete enough in its selections to make a good introduction to one of the major prose writers of the nineteenth century. The other books of which there is no room to speak in detail here are organized on the same plan. They should be especially satisfactory for classroom work, but they will appeal also to the general reader who wishes to read the American classics anew and can here profit by the new scholarship and the new criticism.

H. S. C.

Fiction

GAY PAGAN. By Hugh Talbot. Harpers. 1935. $2.

The title of this book gives a clear promise or a fair warning, whichever you please, that Mr. Talbot, whose "Gentlemen, the Regiment!" was deservedly praised last season, has turned his gifts to making a more popular appeal. The tale is a romance of Cornwall in the early days of the nineteenth century. This was the great period of smuggling; and it was also the period of Byronism, a spirit which, perhaps, finds a distorted reflection in the chief characters of the book. The heroine, the gay pagan of the title, reacts so strongly against the genteel, church-going propriety of her country home that she is for a time attracted less by her eligible young suitor than by the sinister, compelling figure of a half-mad Methodist preacher, although or because she feels that he is a dangerous man. The triangle thus created, and a local war between smugglers and preventives, make up the story; but besides these, Mr. Talbot enhanced his romantic atmosphere with old customs and superstitions characteristic of the unconquered Celtic peninsula of Cornwall.

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What he has set out to do he has done well. The heroine's extreme unconventionality, which she achieves apparently without the slightest inner conflict, is perilously near the line of incredibility, in a young lady of her time; but except for this, the characters and background have much more solidity than is common in a book of this sort. It is a novel that makes no pretensions to being important; but we do not often find so light a book written so well.

B. D.

LONG FURROWS. By Dora Aydelotte. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

From pigtails to marriage "Long Furrows" pictures in sentimental fashion Barbr'y Miller's life on a Middle West farm. Her adventures are the simple ones of rural school, helping Ma feed the thrashers, picknicking on the fourth of July with the villagers at Green's Grove. Her fellows are the old familiars of any countryside. Kindly, hard-working Pa and kitchen-bound Ma; Aunt Min, who rode off on the Fourth with the hired man and came back married; Widow Riddick, straitlaced and sour; a brace of rapscallion brothers and sisters. On her wedding night Barbr'y leaves family and readers in happy tears as she drives away with young Con Mulligan to the new homestead.

Miss Aydalotte's novel would be a romantic tale of the soil, but the monotonous style of telling and the superficial drawing of both characters and scenes conspire to reduce it to a set of conventional figures in sentimental clichés. Except for Barbr'y, the characters are without individuality. They fail to take root and so draw little of the ruggedness and vitality of the locale into their beings.

D. L.

FUGITIVE. By Louise Redfield Peattie. Bobbs-Merrill. 1935. $2.

Mrs. Peattie has turned away from sunny Provence, the scene of several novels that have charmed her readers, to the murky outskirts of Chicago. This latest book partakes more of the mystery of shadow than of the charm of sunlight. The story is absorbingly dramatic. A mysterious and beautiful woman, with jewelled rings on her hands, poisons herself in a lonely rooming-house. She is found by a strange boarder—a magnificent man with high-colored foreign features. He warms her back to life with desperate kisses. This strange love, born of death, grows to exalted proportions and then ends as strangely as it began.

The novel depends completely upon the sensibilities of the reader to justify its extravagance. It is poised upon suspense. Chapters begin out of nowhere and convey only enough facts to illuminate the action without spoiling the mystery. At moments the tension loosens, the narrative becomes explanatory: then the fascination of the book vanishes, momentarily. At the conclusion Mrs. Peattie makes social justice her *deus ex machina.* This is a noble idea but it cannot be expressed in her romantic idiom. Not until the final pages does she recapture the fervor that gives the book its lustre.

"Fugitive" is strikingly conceived. Had

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the scope of its ideas corresponded with the magnitude of its emotions, it would have been a remarkable book. But the movement of passion becomes so overwhelming that the motivation is obscured. In the last analysis the characters appear to act by emotion alone. The essential meaning of the fantastic yet vital situation which the author has invented is lost in romanticized illusion. The illusion has power but not lasting power. Like the personality of Zoe it exhales a perfume that lingers and then suddenly is gone.

D. P.

Miscellaneous

ERASMUS: Lectures and Wayfaring Sketches. By P. S. Allen. Oxford University Press. 1934. $5.

In Stefan Zweig's life of Erasmus, we have the skilled writer getting up and shaping enough of biography to give the picture of a typical scholar in a time of partisanship. In P. S. Allen's book we have a group of papers of various date, tributes of one scholar to another, from the learned editor of Erasmus's letters. It is a pleasing book, though the price is high, and the serious reader may possibly get more out of the first three chapters, especially that on "Erasmus' Services to Learning," than out of all of Zweig.

H. T. C.

WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED. By Emile Gauvreau. Macaulay. 1935. $3.50.

Life is simplified in Mr. Gauvreau's book in the manner dear to the tabloids, of one of which, *The Daily Mirror*, he is an editor. He prints thirty pages of the "best" pictures he can find of Soviet Russia—fat babies, smiling workers, handsome new apartment houses, and the like—and writes an appropriate text. He then collects a similar number of the "worst" photographs he can find about the United States—gangsters, alive or riddled with bullets, negro lynchings and burnings, a variety of vicious types—and writes a sprightly text for that. The whole is labelled "What So Proudly We Hailed" and the implication is that the author has said something pertinent about the contrast between two systems.

Mr. Gauvreau is clever in his own way else he wouldn't have been able to hold down his several profitable tabloid jobs. There are flashes of brilliance, even of sense, in his text here and there, but is it worth while going into details with a general scheme so lunatic as this?

More worth consideration than his book is the author himself, as a curious biological "sport." Mr. Gauvreau has several times exposed tabloid methods with ruthless vehemence—and meanwhile energetically continues to practise them. He writes of Soviet struggle and hope and moral earnestness with what appears to be genuine enthusiasm and really touching naiveté, and seems to have seen practically nobody in Western Europe but the inhabitants of the more lavish sort of night-clubs and bagnios. Missing from his Chamber of Horrors is a picture hard to take, to be sure, but more pertinent than many included there—the picture of a mind which could turn out so crazy, and looked at from any normal standpoint, so disingenuous a book.

THE BELVIDERE HOUNDS. By D. T. Carlisle. New York: The Derrydale Press. 1935. $5.

This is a book of drawings in black and white. In a brief foreword Richard E. Danielson, M.F.H., tells of the "whelping" of the Belvidere Hounds in March, 1927, in the pages of *The Sportsman*. They became such an ornament of that periodical that "whenever for any reason their goings-on were not chronicled in an issue of the magazine, we were immediately assailed by subscribers wanting to know why we had failed to give them the Belvidere Hounds in that issue." No wonder! We have never seen Mr. Carlisle's drawings before, but he is obviously a master of his medium. His hounds and foxes are inimitably expressive, and so lively that they fairly romp out of the pages as one turns them. They indulge in all kinds of antics, even encounter a mysterious New York guest, who turns out to be a flop-eared hound of Jim Thurber's, whose comatose condition no outburst of noise by several annoyed reynards can disturb. You don't have to ride to hounds to enjoy this book, though it should be required reading—or rather, looking-at—at every hunt club in the land. Congratulations to Mr. Eugene V. Connett for rescuing the pictures from the backfiles of a magazine!

W. R. B.

Travel

OFF TO MEXICO. By Leone Moats and Alice Leone Moats. Scribners. 1935. $4.75.

Both the authors of this novel guidebook have lived in Mexico for more than twenty years and one of them has already written of the country in her book, "Thunder in Their Veins." Their work is divided into ten chapters, each dealing with a different section of the country, and each chapter is accompanied by a map, which is partly a map in the ordinary sense and partly a sort of bird's-eye view of the region in question, with dancers, cock-fights, pyramids, guitar-players, and other bits of local color pictured in color, at appropriate intervals. There is advice on what to read, a list of useful Spanish phrases, of hotels, and things for motorists to know. The unusual maps are by Matias Santoyo, and Jorge Enciso, head of the Department of Colonial Monuments in the Ministry of Education, has helped in making the work accurate.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 61)

EDMUND SPENSER—
"EPITHALAMION"

Ah! my dear love! Why do ye sleep thus long? . . .
Ye should now awake . . .
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song
The dewie leaves among.
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

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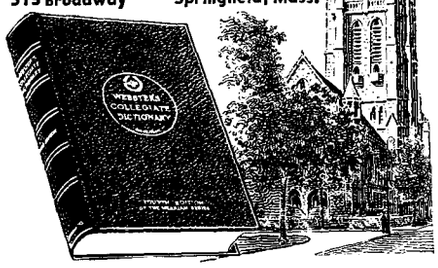

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WHY let your summer trip delay that subscription you were going to forward to *The Saturday Review?* Maybe you will be able to buy the Review each week where you are going—maybe not—but, if you're planning to be near a post office, and you subscribe, you can be reasonably sure of not missing a single copy. The rate is still $3.50 for one year (52 issues), and with *three weeks' notice of each change of address* we will have your copy of *The Saturday Review* trail you to the ends of the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th St., New York City

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The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

On Origins

THOSE who have possessed themselves of the very excellent translation by Mr. H. M. Lydenberg of Andre Blum's "On the Origin of Paper," issued by R. R. Bowker & Co. last year, will be interested in "Les Origines du Papier, de l'Imprimerie et de la Gravure," M. Blum's complete treatise on paper, printing, and engraving, which has just appeared in France. It is freely illustrated with useful pictures, but like all French books it has no index.

Books in 1775

If you would know what the cultivated gentleman of the middle of the eighteenth century had on his shelves, or at least might have had without undue trouble, a recent volume in the "Publications of the Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography," published by the University of Pennsylvania Press, will give the clearest idea possible. This is "An American Bookshelf, 1755," written by the most competent man in America for the task, Lawrence C. Wroth, of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence. Written originally as lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, and now enriched with footnotes, index, etc., these chapters form a running comment on the product of the American press in the mid-century. They bristle with titles of books and pamphlets, while the footnotes are full of miscellaneous information invaluable to any student of the period.

Colophon to "The Colophon"

With the twentieth number, a venture in publishing comes to an end. That a new *Colophon*, rearranged from the elements of the old, is about to be printed is another matter: the king may be dead, but he will be honored as a vigorous and picturesque monarch, whatever loyalties the new one may inspire. Started in 1930, the *Colophon* was launched in a sea of trouble. Not merely was a depression, of the kind so well known in modern times, beginning to make its presence felt, but a deeper trouble, a sort of volcanic upheaval, was beginning to be apparent. To start, and maintain through five years a new sort of publication, issued at a fairly high price, was a courageous thing to do. The initial list of "Contributing Editors," included, to be sure, some of the most distinguished workers in the field of book production, but such a list does not support a magazine. That the enterprise was able to carry on is due to the persistence and enthusiasm of a few men, notably Messrs. Adler, Emmett, and Winterich. Burton Emmett, beloved of all book lovers, has passed with the magazine he did so much to sustain. The net result of the five years' effort are the twenty handsome volumes, filled with a great variety of literary matter—some good, some not so good (for the writers were sometimes experts, sometimes amateurs of more zeal than learning), which are an important contribution to the literary journalism of the half decade from 1930 to 1935. As I have said before, there is something neat about winding up the affairs of a magazine before everyone is tired of it. The *Colophon* as we have known it for five years is now no more, ended voluntarily by its founders. It has run a good course, and, happily, leaves one a little regretful.

The final number is made up as before of diverse literary matter, presented in varied typographic form: articles on book collecting of different sorts, biographical material, and on binding stamps. The last article is generously illustrated, making it a valuable contribution to a subject little handled by American writers. There is an etching by Anne Goldthwaite of "Cock Fight." It would be an enjoyable matter to linger over the contributors and their essays, the printers and their work, but perhaps it is better to say that one should read for himself. An index to volume V is included.

A comprehensive index to the entire twenty numbers is in preparation, and will be invaluable to owners of the complete set, but since only 500 copies are to be printed, it would seem to be advisable to "order early." The new *Colophon* may be issued before this review sees the light (such is the dilatoriness of the reviewer), but at any rate it is imminent.

Receipts

From the Prairie Press at Muscatine, Iowa, come two slim volumes—"Ballad of the Silver Ring," by Don Farran, and "Contemporary Iowa Poets." These really belong in Mr. Benét's department, since the printing, while adequate, is hardly important.

General Oglethorpe's "Late Expedition to the Gates of St. Augustine on Florida," written by the Reverend Edward Kimber in 1744, with bibliographical note by his descendant Sidney A. Kimber, has been issued by Charles E. Goodspeed & Co., Boston, at $3.

An account of a Commemorative Exhibition of the works of Charles Lamb, by R. H. Griffith, has been issued as a pamphlet by the University of Texas.

"Washington's Farewell Address," a facsimile with transliterations of all the preliminary drafts, edited with notes by Victor Hugo Paltsitz, has been issued by the New York Public Library—500 copies at $12.50 and $15.

Harvard Library Notes, quiescent since 1931, resumes publication in March, 1935, with Vol. III, No. 1.

The first four "Letters of Western Authors," the current series of Western Americana issued by the Book Club of California, are facsimiles of epistles from George Sterling, Bret Harte, Frank Norris, and Richard Henry Dana. Each number has a different printer.

The same book club announces publication of "Prentice Mulford's California Sketches," edited by Franklin Walker.

From the Overbrook Press, Mr. Frank Altschul's private press at Stamford, Conn., comes a slim octavo edition of Richard Aldington's "A Dream in the Luxembourg." The design of the volume is by T. M. Cleland, who has given it that sure and delicate touch which makes one wish he were more active in the design of modern books.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
A DREAM COME TRUE *Pamela Wynne* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Romance	Her twentieth novel tells of Margot who yearned for a great, big man and followed Clive as a paid servant to a remote castle in Austria.	Syrup
KELLY *Donald Henderson Clarke* (Vanguard: $2.)	Novel	While it centers upon an Italian manicurist, this story is of Broadway, by a crack newspaperman whose knowledge of the street doesn't kill his sentiment for it.	Times Square
MISS J. LOOKS ON *Sophie Kerr* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Novel	Social secretary watches the break-up of a great banker's happy family after his irregularities are exposed.	Convincing
STARLIGHT PASS *Tom Gill* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Western	But it isn't the conventional Western. Scene of the battle between hero and villains is modern Wyoming which, it seems, is quite wild.	Good
RED CLARK OF ARROWHEAD *Gordon Young* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Western	Mr. Red, who rides and shoots well, embroils himself in a scrap between lady ranchers who aren't fooling.	Standard

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Split Second Exposure

NEW YORK, May 26 (*SRL* GRILL & PRESS ROOM—HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA).—Taking old man Kipling for a ferry wheel ride and proving that the "East is East" and "West is West" ditty is nothing but a saucy gag, more than 300 booksellers from East and West, from North and South, met, swapped yarns, and irrigated their tonsils when the 35th annual convention of the American Booksellers Association careened into dynamic activity on the sun drenched roof gardens of the Hotel Pennsylvania last Sunday.

The two-thirty afternoon whistle on this Sabbath day was the pay-off signal for membership registration and the laying on the line of five hard bucks for feed bag fodder and diverse, but polite, entertainment. That this convention is of paramount importance to all the boys and girls in the tome business is evidenced by one of the largest turn-outs in the last six years. Booksellers from as far West as Berkeley, Cal. and Dallas, Texas, are in attendance with Mrs. R. H. Arrington (Booklover's Shop), Montgomery, Ala., and L. P. Alfriend (Whitmore & Smith), Richmond, Va., among the below-Mason-Dixon booksellers. The college joints crashed through with able representation by Marion Bacon (Vassar Coöperative Bookshop), Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Geraldine Gordon (Hathaway House Bookshop), Wellesley, Mass.; and Marion E. Dodd (Hampshire Bookshop), Northampton, Mass.

The Sunday session, after the welcoming address by E. S. McCawley, president of the Association, went quick into the program action, with Lloyd C. Douglas, the *Green Light* illuminator, doing the addressing with a flock of fresh jokes and a twenty-minute homily on the philosophy of Mr. Douglas.

The further portion of the afternoon program was furnished by Heyday House, the Long Island game publishers, who threw a party for the guests with games, toys, and classy works of magic. Sigmund Spaeth, tune detective of radio fame, played and sang while gin punch and elegant cookies were passed around with abandon.

The evening session marched on with a parade of famous authors published by Frederick A. Stokes and called the Spring Parade of Stokes Authors. The lead-off guy, Harry A. Franck, globe trotter and writer, magic lanterned his talk on out-of-the-way places of the world.

FLASH!! The *SRL* Grill & Press Room closes shop for the night.

NEW YORK, May 27 (THE *SRL* GRILL AND PRESS ROOM—HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA).—Strictly business marked the opening session of the Annual Convention of the American Booksellers Association on its second and last day of the meeting. Calling the membership to order, President McCawley barked out his report of the past year and then called upon Mr. Cedric Crowell, Chairman, National Booksellers' Code Authority, to report the activities of his committee.

Getting immediately down to essentials Mr. Crowell, brought out the fact that during the year in which book code prices were in effect 34 publishers out of 35 showed an increase in business from 1% to as high as 180% with the general average being 20%. Mr. Crowell further brought out that the publishers' figures reflect themselves in the increased business in retail bookshops as well. Clarifying the distinction between price fixing and price maintenance, the speaker wound up urging his listeners to wire their Washington representatives to back up the NRA.

In continuing the program of the morning session Christopher Morley spoke on Prize Awards for Student Libraries; Eugene V. Connett of Derrydale Press on Sale of Fine Books by Tested Methods, and Frank L. Magel reported as chairman, Board of Directors, American Booksellers Association.

The afternoon session got into a huddle immediately after lunch with various book discussion problems given the important play throughout and climaxing the meeting with the election of officers.

Miss Marion E. Dodd of the Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass., spoke of the Customer's Viewpoint with Miss Sophie Kerr playing the customer role. George T. Eager revealed some unexpected information for booksellers secured through a new and recent survey; Virginia Kirkus and Frederic G. Melcher, *Publishers' Weekly*, offering additional dope that proved of great interest to the members.

With the completion of the speakers' end of the program election of officers was held with E. S. McCawley being re-elected president; John Howell, San Francisco, Calif., 1st vice-president; E. A. Nichols, president of the Illinois Booksellers' Association, 2nd vice-president; Lovick Pierce, Dallas, Texas, 3rd vice-president. Alfred B. Carhart, Brooklyn, N. Y., Robert M. Coles, New York City, and Ernst Eisele, New York City, were re-elected to their respective offices of secretary, executive secretary, and treasurer.

Book Babble: Ah, there is Polly Street of Morrow gabbing with some of the Morrow accounts . . . Miss Steloff of Gotham Book Mart, N. Y. City, greeting friends from Chicago . . . Charming Miss Ellen Ennis of D. D. (Lord and Taylor) and chairman of the reception committee hand-shaking a flock of newcomers . . . Beer and Bosely, crack book gals, sessioning in relays . . . Veronica Hutchinson, Halle book chief of Cleveland, having her program autographed . . . Anna Hyman, of Hyman's Book Shop, Des Moines, Iowa, scribbling the highlights of the talks . . . FLASH!! Here are the new directors of the Association: Cedric Crowell; Arthur Kroch, Chicago; Stanley Remington; George Jacobs, Philadelphia; and Marion Bacon, Vassar Coöperative Bookshop, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

L. G.

The A. B. A. and the N. R. A.

As we go to press:—The Supreme Court decision throwing out NRA codes hit the Monday session of the Booksellers' Convention at 3 P. M. A. B. A. officers, getting no definite interpretation from a phone call to the Deputy Code Administrator in Washington, could not tell whether the Supreme Court decision positively invalidated the booksellers' code, hoped the intra-state character of the poultry case on which the decision was based might leave a loop hole. Later reports made this hope seem forlorn, but they hoped also that the Feld-Crawford Act, providing against the practice of certain department stores in cutting prices on trade-marked merchandise ("loss leaders"), would safeguard price maintenance of books in New York, storm-center of the price-cutting problem. Legislation similar to the Feld-Crawford Act, which became law in New York State recently, has been enacted in California and Maryland, and is pending in several other states. President McCawley appointed members of the A. B. A. Code Committee to work on the Feld-Crawford Act.

This was the situation when General Hugh S. Johnson, former NRA head, longtime friend of the booksellers in their fight for price maintenance, and guest of honor at the A. B. A. banquet Monday evening, rose to address the booksellers. The General had had only a few hours to alter his speech in line with the news, but he beat Chief Justice's Hughes's peg to first base by a safe margin, quoting and amplifying what he had intended to say "before the sick chicken decision." Highlights: "The principles of NRA I think remain and I think that a new statute can be written to preserve them" . . . . "The scare NRA has had will help to purge it of its bad features" . . . . Under the loss leader system a customer "can make up on his literature what he loses on his laxatives." The body of the speech was a ringing defense of book price maintenance, saltily phrased, an attack on book departments which by cutting prices have "shown losses from 1½ to 14%." His conclusion left the A. B. A. in a fighting mood: "Because the decision has made chaos and despondency and rearmed the enemy tonight, is no reason for the friends of these principles to lie down and take it. It is a multiplied reason for ten times the courage and effort and fight that we have ever shown before."

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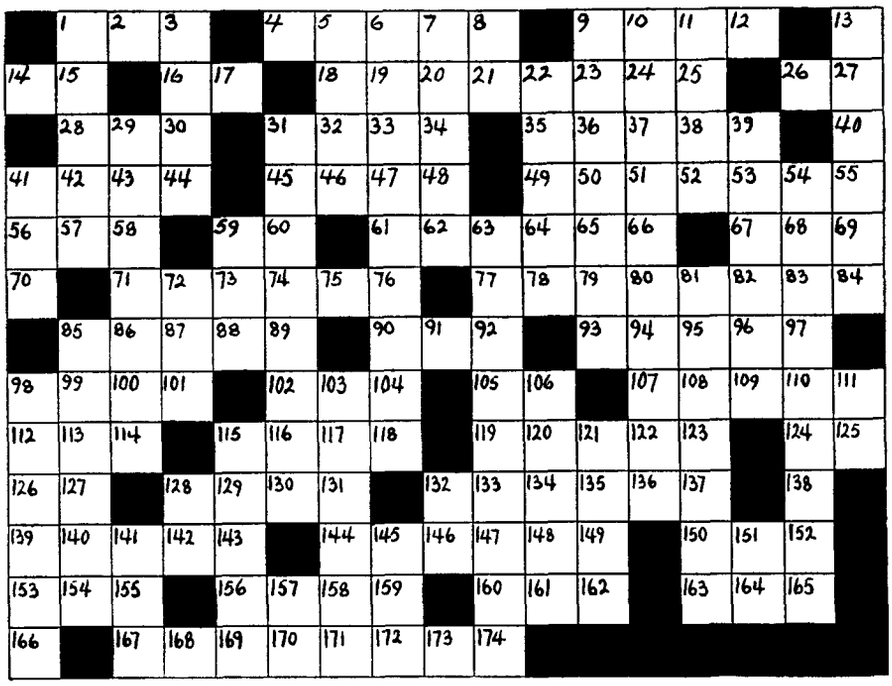
Double Crostics: No. 62

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the corespondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. Judge of the dead (Greek myth).	109 129 13 34 154 28 102 173 74 41 63 123
II. Eating of raw flesh as a religious rite.	164 118 36 107 153 166 148 43 138
III. Bullied, intimidated.	98 162 62 93 167 114 157 73 143 82
IV. Self-interest.	19 150 86 56 142 70
V. Establishment of cordial relations.	116 90 18 49 14 146 139 65 159 95 75 57 131
VI. To shift, evade, shuffle.	144 96 103 58 59 110 161 165 171 130 66 89
VII. Imaginary terrors.	71 147 64 121 9 17 99 170
VIII. Meliorists.	100 169 163 46 11 6 136 112 88
IX. Interlaces.	81 8 124 53 119 135 33 113
X. Laborer with a spade.	152 42 3 21 111 87
XI. Flags hung from frames.	83 117 12 60 29 92 50 26 105
XII. Members of British nobility.	25 1 133 168 51
XIII. Play by George Kelly.	16 80 94 85 134 115 126
XIV. Author of "Silver Rattle."	39 145 106 156 132 55 78 61
XV. Noted, famed.	141 22 97 27 4 77 69 120
XVI. City in Scotland.	172 31 47 108 44 101 104 38 54
XVII. Free from scent.	10 137 151 23 45 127 52 67
XVIII. Dizzy; frivolous (comp.).	91 125 174 149 128 160 15 37 158 32 155
XIX. Makes a mistake.	7 20 76 84
XX. General effect (2 words).	40 5 140 79 68 30 24 48 122 35 2 72

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

POCONO WRITERS' GROUP young writers working under experienced editors, writers, critics. For circular address C. Emory Gingrich, 1138 Overington St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ATTEND THE SCRIBBLERS FAIR and POETRY MART, Detroit, June 26-30. Address THE MIXERS, 5475 Woodward, Detroit.

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M.A., TWENTY-FIVE, teacher, with office and miscellaneous experience, desires summer or permanent position of any nature; location and compensation immaterial. Enjoys sports, writing, reading, art. Miss M. E., Box 133, Randle, Washington.

THE NEW YORK CRITICS haven't seen it. People are buying it anyhow. In fact we've just had the second printing this year. What is it? A book called "Who Loves a Garden," by Louise Seymour Jones: an anatomy of gardens and gardeners from Meleager, Virgil and Lady Montague to the present. Even if you can't read, you'll love its flowery-paper jacket and binding and its flower initials. Discerning booksellers know of it, or order direct ($2.50) from The Primavera Press, 614 West Sixth, Los Angeles.

RELIABLE INFORMATION—Florida Tung-oil Orchards are goldmines. Write 29 Third Street, Weehawken, N. J.

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PERSONALS

FRENCH: Grammar, conversation, literature, translation books and documents, some tutoring, also Latin, by French clergyman, former College President. Write Box 554 General P. O., New York City.

J. L. W.—I like your letters! Waldorf impossible until summer (July), meanwhile—you don't wish me to write? (Always figure two weeks or more for forwarding.)

SECRETARY by day desires occasional evening occupation as companion for children or invalid. Ambitious.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 22 to August 9. A poetry group will study and confer with Edward Davison and Robert Frost. A short story workshop will be conducted by Blanche McNeal and the editors of STORY, Whit Burnett and Martha Foley. There will be two prose groups, one in fiction under Robert Penn Warren and Thomas Wolfe, a nationally-known novelist, and another in essay and article writing by Mignon Baker. Personal counsel and criticism will be given by the leaders. The Conference is informal and non-academic. It will include round table conferences and eight evening lectures by the visiting authors. Intending and beginning writers are eligible for membership as well as more established authors. A few teachers of creative writing will also be admitted. Full particulars on application to the Secretary, Writers' Conference, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

LIBRARIANS! Search your libraries through. You will find precious little about Puget Sound —last bright new land—its color, adventure, living pioneers and its history. Subscribe to The Puget Sounder! Six months, one dollar. June Burn, Editor, Bellingham, Washington.

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FOR RENT: Fine old furnished house for summer home in high Berkshires western Massachusetts. Located in quiet desirable village four miles from railroad. Seven large rooms, two fireplaces, bath. Modest rent. Box 482-A.

IS THERE a qualified teacher of elocution in New York City who will give private lessons for a nominal fee? Box 483-A.

GENTLEMEN'S SMALL ESTATE, Peterboro, N. H., for rent, near McDowell colony. Beautiful view Monadnock. Private swimming pool; island; canoeing; seven-room colonial cottage with all modern improvements, 2 baths, three log cabins, barn. Season $500. Box 484-A.

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PERSONALS

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CONGENIAL, industrious, reliable commercial teacher, traveled extensively, wishes to assist in some interesting venture; traveling preferred. Willing to defray partial expenses. Excellent references. Box 481-A.

WOULD INTELLIGENT middle-aged woman give two days' service weekly small shop in exchange for comfortable city home. Box 480-A.

SCHOOLMARM, JEWISH, 26 (possessing neither great beauty, rare charm nor superior intellect), interested in people, books, theatre, etc. Would welcome correspondence from those who have not achieved perfection nor desire it. Box 479-A.

WANTED—A WALPOLE! San Franciscan, Yale graduate, bored with peddling abstruse scientific bulletins for a living, wants to soil his hands with printer's ink again. Owns and manipulates his own types and hand presses. Prefers living FOR his craft more than BY his wits. References East or West. Box 490-A.

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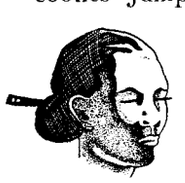

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